



Contents of This Number

	Page
Who Profits Most?—(Verse)	Helen E. McDonald..... 4
Rotary World Wide.....	Crawford C. McCullough.... 5
The Brotherhood of Man Is the Real Internationalism....	Frederick Dixon 7
Rotary in Great Britain.....	Vivian Carter 9
Over the Great Wall.....	Arthur Melville 13
Some Brief Facts About Rotary.....	15
An Opinion Regarding Rotary.....	Paul P. Harris..... 18
Another Opinion Regarding Rotary.....	Raymond M. Havens..... 19
"Greater Love Hath No Man".....	Achmed Abdullah 20
Some Guide-Posts for New Members.....	Calvin O. Davis..... 23
The Other Fellow.....	James W. Davidson..... 25
Our Right to Our Flag.....	Charles Henry Mackintosh ... 26
The Convention City.....	Frank H. Littlefield..... 27
The Blind Children's Nursery.....	George E. Tucker..... 29
Can War Be Prevented?—A Book Review.....	Miles H. Krumbine..... 31
Other Features and Departments: Rotary Club Activities: All Over the World (page 33)—Comment About Books (page 32)—Editorial Comment (page 30)—New Rotary Clubs (page 42)— Just Among Ourselves (page 6).	

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Editorial and Advertising Offices: 221 E. 20th Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

Eastern Advertising Representatives: Constantine & Jackson, 7 W. 16th St., New York City.

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Ninety-six thousand copies of this issue were printed



Who Profits Most?

By Helen E. McDonald

Illustration by Albert H. Winkler

Who profits most?

'Tis not the man

Who, grasping every coin he can,
Unscrupulously crushes down
His weaker neighbor, with a frown;
He is not worthy of his trust,
And, friendless, knows his gold is dust.
He loses what he sought to gain,
And finds, instead of pleasure, pain.

Who profits most?

It is not he

Who shirks responsibility,
Who, hermit like, himself withdraws
To live removed from human flaws.
Scornful of other's frailties
He turns away, no vision sees
Of life's great opportunity.
He is not mourned—why should he be?

Who profits most?

It is the one

Who's on the square in all that's done,
Who trusts and helps the other man
And gives a boost where e'er he can
Who puts his task above mere self,
And values friends, and counts them
wealth.

Who profits most? Is that your quest?
It is the one who serves the best.



Rotary World Wide

By Crawford C. McCullough

Chairman of Committee on Extension, Rotary International

ROTARY has taken a few simple truths, clothed them in friendliness and set them to work.

Truth is universal, transcending the paltry barriers of political boundaries, of race, of creed and revealing itself to all who have the will to seek, the eyes to see, and the heart to do.

So Rotary—a practical and applied expression of truth—is universal in its appeal and application.

All men need what Rotary has to offer and all men want and reach for it, once they understand it in terms of their own environment.

Herein is Rotary's great strength and her unique opportunity for world service.

The organization of new Rotary clubs never ceases. From community to community, from nation to nation, the movement has swept on, with ever increasing momentum until it has engirdled the world. With the organization of the first club in Italy—just a few weeks ago—the number of countries included in the family of Rotary International now stands at twenty-six.

Rotary International today comprises sixteen hundred clubs. Sixteen hundred groups of men, leaders in industry, commerce, and the professions, pledged to useful and unselfish service, to the practice of the square deal and to the promotion of friendliness by themselves being friendly.

Sixteen hundred groups of men of affairs in sixteen hundred towns and cities, in twenty-six countries—comrades all, in common endeavor.

Sixteen hundred institutions training men in the practice of good citizenship and in the newer and truer conception of man's relation to his fellow man.

Today, so many clubs—tomorrow, how many? Rapid as has been the accretion of new clubs, the immediate future holds still greater promise for the momentum of this remarkable work of extension is ever increasing.

One of Rotary's greatest attributes is the spirit of giving which it inspires—the friendly spirit, if you like, which fires men to share with neighbors

those institutions which they themselves have tested and found true.

This spirit of giving is the main factor in the very practical work of extension and Rotary so capitalizes it that everywhere Rotarians are constantly at work—giving unsparingly of their time, enthusiasm, and experience, freely and without chance of monetary reward—to plant Rotary in virgin soil at home and abroad.

So the growth of Rotary has been from within, and by the force of its own dynamic power it is daily translating hope into reality—dreams into deeds.

A ROTARY CLUB is only a composite of the men who comprise it—and Rotary International is but the sum of the man power of its sixteen hundred service stations. As a world force then, it is now no greater—nor can ever be, however great may be the increment of clubs—than its weakest member.

So the obligation of each individual Rotarian is personal and direct. The good name and fame of Rotary around the world is in the safe keeping of every man who calls himself Rotarian.

Sixteen hundred clubs today—tomorrow, two thousand—and sooner than we dream—a club in every community of every civilized country, where environment and diversity of vocations make establishment feasible, growth natural and permanent, influence inevitable.

Rotary and kindred service organizations may well become the greatest single human factor to destroy suspicion, cupidity, intolerance, and hate, and substitute in their stead the beneficent forces of faith, honesty, respect and goodwill among all men.

It is a long journey, a slow one, and a hard one—but always worth while—and best of all, it is made on the right road. This world will be a happy and a peaceful one when men study and apply the way of happiness and peace to the hard facts of life and living.

Rotary is helping to lead the way.
Rotarians—press on!

"Just Among Ourselves—"

AN ANNIVERSARY affords an excellent reason for taking stock of our possessions — and of ourselves—particularly ourselves. For we may grow, physically and spiritually, even though we pay less income tax this year than last. This Anniversary Number, in a way, gives everyone an opportunity to reflect on the progress Rotary has made—and, we hope, will give us all a deeper appreciation of what it means to be a Rotarian, as well as the responsibility that membership in Rotary carries with it.

From far and wide have come many messages of praise for the December number. We are printing three of them.

From George C. Lewis, secretary of the Lockport, N. Y., Rotary Club, we received this fine testimonial: "I have been requested by the members of the Lockport Club to write you a brief appreciation of the excellent magazine which you are publishing. THE ROTARIAN is a splendid organ of International Rotary and its branches. It not only keeps one in touch with what is being done by other clubs, but it furnishes an inspiration for service when you read of the many there are ready to serve; and the accomplishments of others, while humiliating in your own feeble efforts, urge you to further endeavors. Your periodical also has much in it which is interesting and instructive and withal clean. It is gratifying that a busy office like that of Rotary International can find time to express its principles and objects in such an effective and attractive manner."

From Frank Jensen, New Orleans, La., comes a compliment that at the same time defines accurately the editorial policy of the magazine: "The December issue of THE ROTARIAN . . . is an achievement to stir all Rotary. Read it from cover to cover, and it is certain that you will say it is one of the best magazines for business men that come to you. Keep in touch with world-wide Rotary through this organ that is striving always to provide you with the very meat of business ideals, service, and general Rotary information."

Here's one from Rabbi Edward N. Calisch, Richmond, Va.: "I wish to congratulate you upon the last issue (December) of THE ROTARIAN as it is a most magnificent number. Its whole contents are all to the good. The stories are not only appropriate, but they are exceedingly well told, and my throat had a lump in it more than once while I was reading. I would that all the world could read that number of THE ROTARIAN . . ."

Such letters of sincere appreciation are a wonderful incentive, stimulating those responsible for producing your magazine to greater efforts to provide for you a Rotary magazine that will reflect in every way the ideal set forth on our cover—The Magazine of Service.

Who's Who—In This Number

FREDERICK DIXON, late editor of *The International Interpreter*, spent part of the summer in Europe and upon his return to the United States wrote an article for THE ROTARIAN, "The Brotherhood of Man Is the Real Internationalism." It is an article with a stirring message for everyone, and the preparation of this article was one of the very last pieces of work with which Mr. Dixon was engaged before his death, which occurred in New York City the last of November. The author was born in London, England. He received his early education there, and later came to the United States. He was associate editor, editor, and European manager of the *Christian Science Monitor*; a member of the British Institute of Journalists; and a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold (Belgian).

Vivian Carter, who contributes "Rotary in Great Britain," is secretary of that great branch of Rotary International known as the Association for Great Britain and Ireland, and also editor of *The Rotary Wheel*, the organ of Rotary for the clubs comprising the British Isles. At the outbreak of the world war he relinquished his post as editor of "The Bystander," to serve first as a transport officer, later as a member of the Press Bureau of the Ministry of Information. Rotarian Carter has the credit for the "discovery" of the great war artist, Captain Bairnsfather. Be-

coming acquainted with Rotary, he attended the convention at Edinburgh, where he was thoroughly inoculated with the ideals of the movement. He was elected secretary of the then British Association. In 1922 he attended the convention at Los Angeles. Rotarian Carter is one of the most sought-after speakers on Rotary in the British Isles, and no small share of the credit for the success of Rotary in the British Isles belongs to him as a result of his untiring service.

Arthur Melville is the *nom de plume* of one of our regular contributors, who has written a story for this number pointing out briefly the extension of Rotary to China and describing two important activities of the Rotary Club of Shanghai.

Three past presidents of Rotary International contribute to this anniversary number of THE ROTARIAN. They need no introduction to a Rotary audience. **Paul P. Harris** and **Raymond M. Havens** have each written "An Opinion Regarding Rotary," both articles dealing with Rotary fundamentals and objective activities. **Crawford C. McCullough** has written the leading editorial—a message of high import on Rotary extension around the world.

Achmed Abdullah (family name Ndir Shah) was born in Kabul, Afghanistan, of Arab and Tartar stock. He was educated at Oxford in England, studied in Germany, and has a degree from the Sorbonne at Paris. Among various languages he speaks are Russian, Manchu, Persian. He joined the British army, and as officer of cavalry saw service in India, China, and Africa. His knowledge of languages was such that the British used him for intelligence work, and he was one of the junior officers on Younghusband's famous trip to Lhasa. Captain Abdullah came to America first on friendly visits, and finally on one of his trips decided to make the United States his permanent home. During the nine years that he has been in the States, he has had eight novels published, three collections of short stories, and three plays accepted by Mr. Belasco. "Greater Love Hath No Man," is a story that you will not quickly forget.

Calvin O. Davis ("Some Guide Posts for New Members") is Professor of Education, inspector of high schools, and a lecturer of the Extension Department of the University of Michigan; also a past president of the Rotary Club of Ann Arbor, Michigan. His contribution to this number, pointing out some of the landmarks of Rotary, should hold interest not only for new members but for old ones as well.

James W. Davidson ("The Other Fellow") is known to a great many of our readers as the governor of the Fourth District of Rotary, comprising Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and the western portion of Ontario. He is a former member of the Extension Committee of Rotary International, and the man responsible, with Layton Ralston of Halifax, for establishing Rotary in Australia and New Zealand.

Charles Henry Mackintosh ("Our Right to Our Flag") has contributed regularly to THE ROTARIAN during the past several months. He has the classification of "business correspondence counsellor" in the Rotary Club of Chicago, specializing in business and sales letters and the writing of advertisements.

Frank H. Littlefield ("The Convention City") is president of the Rotary Club of Toronto, but prefers to be known as "just one of three hundred hosts who are preparing to entertain some ten thousand visitors at Toronto in June, on the occasion of the Fifteenth Annual Rotary Convention."

Miles H. Krumbine ("Can War Be Prevented?") has reviewed for us one of the important books of the month by Mr. Kirby Page, dealing with "War—Its Causes, Consequences, and Cure." Rotarian Krumbine is pastor of the First Lutheran Church of Dayton, Ohio, a contributor to various magazines, and a member of the Rotary Club of Dayton.

George E. Tucker ("The Blind Children's Nursery") is president of the Rotary Club of Hartford, Conn., and a prominent surgeon of the east. He describes in his article a work that is decidedly unique.

The Brotherhood of Man Is the Real Internationalism

By FREDERICK DIXON

THE WORLD has got war on the brain. But apparently it is possible for the world to suffer in this way without its political doctors finding the way to its recovery. As a consequence, the symptoms linger on, while great statesmen, like Lord Grey, proclaim from the house-tops that if civilization does not make an end of war, then war will make an end of civilization. Unfortunately, the repetition of this warning has a deadening, almost a soporific effect. The people who hear it begin to resemble the good folk in the fairy tale, who had heard the boy cry "Wolf!" so often, that when the wolf did come they declined to be excited or alarmed. The boy perished, and it may be just like that with civilization, if mankind does not mend its ways.

As a matter of fact, wars which are looked for do not commonly break out. The very fact that they are expected puts men on their guard against them. The war of 1914 rose, like the cloud no bigger than a man's hand in the sky over Carmel. I was in Stockholm at the time, and it is perfectly safe to say that no one in that beautiful northern capital had any idea, when the first news came of the skirmishing on the Danube, that the man's hand was going to become a cloud as big as the earth's shadow. If the world had known how serious the situation was, it would have listened to the cries of "Wolf!" in distinguished quarters. As it was, it went on with its dance of pleasure, while the cloud, in Mr. Kipling's language, came up "like thunder outer China, crost the Bay." A couple of years later, Lord Grey told me in London that if he could have secured a delay of a week, or even a few days' delay, he felt sure he could have gained control over the situation.

This, then, is why it is so dangerous to disregard the warnings of the political brahmins, even if the political brahmins do, not infrequently, cause themselves to resemble the fat boy in Pickwick, in their desire "to make your flesh

creep." And, indeed, there is not much difficulty in making the flesh of any well-informed person creep on this particular subject. The U-boats, the poisoned gases, the aerial bombs, of Armageddon, represent the faintest reflex of what would happen in a new war.

A French naval expert has warned us cold-bloodedly that there will be no hesitation among the nations in using the most diabolical inventions, if another resort to arms occurs. The action of Germany, in 1914, he insists, has so alarmed the nations that they will never wait in the future for some one to set them the example, and so gain the advantage; they will themselves strike at once with every hellish invention at their disposal.

Everywhere the chemists of the world are sitting in their laboratories, endeavoring to perfect the most evil instruments of destruction, and quite enough is known of what has already been accomplished to make it uncertain whether civilization could survive another such shock. The world of the theaters and the restaurants forgets this nightly as it goes down into its streets; but that is the way of this world, ready to eat and drink, but without thought of dying on the morrow. Yet the last war should

have convinced mankind of the dangers of the situation.

On a July morning, in 1914, traveling on the midnight train from Berlin, I crossed Belgium in the sunlight, a country of profound peace and almost sleepy contentment. But the German troop trains were already approaching the rail heads in the neighborhood of Liege, and in a few hours the deluge was to descend over a scene which, that morning, looked like a landscape by Hobbema or Ruysdael on the walls of the picture gallery in The Hague.

Still, bad as things quickly grew, worse as they were when the peace delegates went to Paris in 1918, they are as nothing to what the future holds for man unless, as Secretary Hughes told the conference of social workers in Washington some months ago, mankind is going to find a means of substituting friendly accord among nations for the present orgy of fear and apprehensions.

SECRETARY HUGHES chose his words with extraordinary articularity, with the accuracy of scientific thinking. But the world does not yet seem to have begun to realize that fear is something far more fundamental than just being afraid. Fear is the inevitable accompaniment of greed, of selfishness, indeed of all the lusts of the flesh. It works out in being afraid for your possessions, for your comfort, for your very life; in being owned by what you own instead of owning what you own. These fears, however, are caused by the belief that you are surrounded by dangers, a belief which in itself is fear. The Apostle to the Gentiles realized this, and put it with a clear sense of the absolute when he wrote, "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

The Apostle to the Gentiles was a most practical evangelist. He had a way of tracing effects to their ultimate cause. Thus he established himself on a basis of thinking, the soundness of which results from an understanding of the (Cont'd on page 54)

'Is the World Bent on Committing Suicide?'

"YES," said Frederick Dixon, in this article written shortly before his death, it is, unless it can rid itself of Fear." For looking at the world with all the detachment which many years of editorial work could secure, he saw that the great obstacle to a true internationalism is Fear—the fear of ourselves and of others. He saw that it was fear which promoted war—and that war in its modern significance is practically synonymous with "suicide." He saw that for every man who was willing to attempt to conform himself to an international outlook there are a hundred who are far too ready to tell the nations of the world how to conform. He saw that men wrangle fiercely over things of comparative unimportance—but exhibit extreme apathy to the tremendous issues which await the decision of civilized men. He saw that the very word "international" had acquired a sinister significance wholly foreign to its original meaning.

Seeing these things—and many more—he pointed out that he who fears is controlled by things which should be his tools—that his science becomes a Frankenstein monster which will slay its inventor. He showed that man can—if only he will—secure for posterity a priceless heritage—an internationalism founded on mutual esteem, built with faith, and cemented with peace.

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VIVIAN CARTER
LONDON, ENGLAND
SECRETARY

**Officers of
ROTARY INTERNATIONAL
ASSOCIATION FOR
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.**



Two Views of the Headquarters offices of Rotary International—Association for Great Britain and Ireland. Secretary Vivian Carter is seen standing at the right in the first picture.

Rotary in Great Britain

By VIVIAN CARTER

Secretary of Rotary International—Britain and Ireland, and Editor of "The Rotary Wheel"

MY TASK, undertaken at the invitation of the editor of THE ROTARIAN, is to write concerning the progress of the Rotary movement in Great Britain (I will include Ireland in that term for, so far as Rotary is concerned, the three clubs in the sister isle neither seek nor desire detachment). To state first the facts and figures: At the moment of writing, there appear on the lists of the British headquarters (R. I. B. I., Rotary International—Britain and Ireland), the names of 145 places wherein Rotary clubs are established. These places include all the great cities without exception—London, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Dublin, Belfast, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol, Newcastle, and so forth. They also include by far the majority of the cities of below the quarter-million population limit, while towns of populations a little below ten thousand have found their way into the circle, though as yet such towns are not encouraged to undertake the responsibilities of Rotary membership.

It would give a better idea of the vogue of Rotary in Great Britain were one able to indicate where it is not established than where it is, and to do this, without publishing a list of names that will convey little to the mass of Rotarians outside these islands, I will say that Rotary is *not* established in about 150 towns of over 5,000 population in areas of a certain kind. These areas are (1) the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, the Midland counties of England, and the centre of Scotland; (2) the rural areas of all three countries; (3) sea-coast towns, chiefly in eastern England;

(4) boroughs of Greater London; (5) mining areas of Wales; and (6) certain county towns and market centers, chiefly of the west of England. To visualise these places such names as the following may be cited as at present outside the Rotary circle: (1) Wigan, Lancashire; (2) Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk; (3) Yarmouth, Norfolk; (4) Hammersmith, London; (5) Merthyr Tydfil, S. Wales; (6) Shrewsbury, Shropshire. These are typical of the places that have not established Rotary clubs, and there are one hundred and fifty of their like.

The inference will be drawn that Rotary International has still a great deal of extension work to do in Great Britain before it can be regarded as a solidly established movement and it needs no more than to say that the officers of R. I. B. I. at headquarters, and in the districts, are well aware of the work that lies before them.

WHEN it is stated that nearly one hundred new clubs have been brought into existence since the Edinburgh Convention of June, 1921, it will be conceded that there is no lack of appeal in Rotary to the British townspeople, and that there has been no lack in zeal and activity on the part of the men at the helm. Nearly ten thousand men of trade and profession, in 145 centres subscribe their quota of the funds of Rotary International (through R. I. B. I.), of whom a large percentage take an active interest in the movement.

Regarded from the standpoint of pure figures, 10,000 is not a large number, or one to boast of, in view of the fact that the population of the British Isles ex-

ceeds forty-five millions. It is not an impressive figure to quote in conversations, and compares unfavourably with that of any single social welfare organisation one could name, which has national ramifications. Were Rotary a voting factor in national elections—which, of course, it is not—its voice would be the "still small voice." It is impressive, however, to outsiders when it is explained that each man represents his "craft," and that he has some special standing in his community. Ten thousand selected men of trade and profession, formed into nearly 150 circles, spread all over the country, who are pledged to the Ideal of Service, to high ethical standards in business, to the application of the ideal to personal, business, and community life, to the opportunity to serve society, and to the advancement of universal goodwill—that is, indeed, a phenomenon! Then comes the deadly challenge, "How do they put it into practice?"

Let me set forth my reply as I have given it a hundred times just to see how it "stacks up" (to borrow an Americanism).

"These men," I have said, "are pledged to the Rotary code of ethics, to their fellow-Rotarians in the club, and the club, as a whole, is pledged (or "sold") to them in the community. When a Briton pledges himself to observe a code, he is fairly likely to mean something more than a form of words, because it is not the national habit to pledge one's self to anything that does not represent what is believed. Where pledges are concerned we are sticklers. A Rotarian business man does mean that he intends, or endeavours, to conduct his business along

lines that will make it a service to the community. Were any instance of his failure to live up to Rotary ideals to be brought to notice, his tenure of classification in the club would not be long. In every club there are some who hold Rotary sacred, even if there are also some who are scoffers. It is not easy to be a Rotarian if one violates the Rotary code.

"The Rotary club meets regularly, and addresses that are delivered are regarded as instructions in the ways and means of rendering service. Attendance at the club is an obligation, which most clubs enforce. The club itself will engage in some activity where it can render disinterested help.

"As a national organisation, the Association through its elected officers, studies each phase of the movement, and provides means by which Rotary may be propagated in clubs old and new—the means including qualified speakers, pamphlets, and a monthly magazine (*The Rotary Wheel*) which has a free circulation to all Rotarians in R. I. B. I.

"As individuals, the Rotarian mixes freely with his fellows; he visits other clubs and is introduced; he has an open heart to acquaintances within the Rotary fellowship, in particular to those who come from across the ocean. Rotary has established a direct link between individuals in Great Britain and in America such as is afforded by no other organisation.

"As a whole, Rotary International stands for the advancement of higher standards in business, and for better relations all over the world between business men."

THE answer to such an explanation is familiar in my ears. It receives unanimous approval, with one eternal reservation—"Why could not such a movement be extended, so that it covered hundreds of thousands instead of only ten thousand? Why limit it to one man only of a given line of activity in a given place, or to one club only in a given district? Surely so universal a set of ideas cannot stand artificial restriction in personnel?"

But that objection is by no means confined to Great Britain.

In the American countries, the restriction difficulty has been met by the formation of other clubs along identical lines. In Great Britain, no rival organization to Rotary has yet established itself.



John Bain Taylor

London,
England

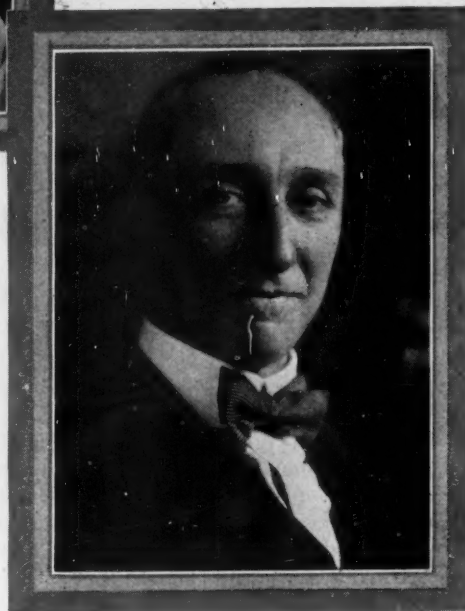
Director
of Rotary
International

What Rotary means to a man, is what he means by Rotary. If he does not know, or never has known, what Rotary is, you cannot blame him if he does not mean anything by it.

No organiser of the Rotary movement in Great Britain or elsewhere can swear by bell, book, and candle that every Rotarian in his unit stands wholeheartedly for the Code, the whole Code, and nothing but the Code. The definition of "Service" which now obtains, meaning Community Service, had originally the narrower interpretation of *mutual* service, and so by many it is still regarded. The Rotary obligation was between mem-

ber and fellow member, and was not understood as putting upon the individual any general obligation towards the whole of society, or as involving him in any way with the Golden Rule, or with religious doctrine at all.

BUT the cure for these local disorders, these inherited diseases of the movement, is contained within the system itself. In the process of its very growth, it sheds its superfluous members, its chief elements of



Thomas Stephenson

Edinburgh,
Scotland

Former Honorary Secretary of the British Association of Rotary Clubs. President, Rotary Club of Edinburgh.

Let us not, however, indulge in the deadly sin of self-sufficiency. Truthfulness compels me to say that a certain percentage of Rotarians in Great Britain (and also doubtless, in the United States and other countries); pursue their way blandly, oblivious that Rotary is anything else than one of the "things one belongs to"—a luncheon club. These individuals either know, or they do not know, that there is such a thing as a Rotary Code—or else they have forgotten. If they know, there are some who are derisive. To these a code of ethics is something quite superfluous, and all of this talk about world peace and goodwill among men ineffective, and as old as the hills.

We know the sceptic in all Rotary clubs, and often as not he is the best of fellows when an actual Rotary deed is to be done; he serves as a foil to the zealot; we do not mind him. Those who do not know, are those who either do not attend their club meetings, or attend meetings where "Rotary talks" are never given, and Rotary literature is never read, even if it is distributed. Or else they are original members of a club which was formed in early days, along lines that have since been changed. This is a section of Rotary that is the deadweight of the movement.

weakness. The progressive increase of the number of clubs, the holding of district conferences and inter-club meetings, the exchange of speakers, visitation by members of the national executive board and by representatives of the International organisation, the national conferences, the international conventions, exchange of letters between individuals and clubs here and overseas, and the circulation of literature and the issue of messages, all these things tend to spread the idea of the newer significance attaching to the word "Rotary." Against such influences the sceptic shrugs his shoulders helplessly and the "self-satisfied charter member" either acquires the new spirit, or takes his departure, or impotently protests.

This work of intensification in Great Britain has been done by a national organisation, originally known as the British Association of Rotary Clubs, now known as R. I. B. I. (Rotary International—Britain and Ireland). The British Association of Rotary Clubs was founded at a conference at Liverpool in October, 1913, composed of delegates from the founder clubs, eight in number, and made itself responsible for the work of organising and standardizing Rotary methods in this country. The "executive" was a representative body known as the

Board of Directors, and consisted of two delegates from each club. The President and Executive Council were elected annually at the annual meeting of the directors.

The original Honorary Secretary of the B. A. R. C. was Dr. Thomas Stephenson, of Edinburgh, who needs no introduction to readers of *THE ROTARIAN*, (he is, I rejoice to say, an active member of the R. I. B. I., in his capacity of President, 1923-4, of the Rotary Club of Edinburgh, and representative of that club on the Council of the R. I. B. I.). Under the B. A. R. C., with Dr. Stephenson's able direction, new clubs were formed to the average number of seven or eight a year, from 1913 until 1921, by which latter year the total had reached forty-eight. The elected president of the B. A. R. C., was subsequently elected by the International organization as the district governor for what was then the 24th District of Rotary International. Through him, the British clubs were kept advised of International developments, and by him they were represented from time to time at International Conventions. The Executive Council of British Rotary held quarterly meetings in one or other of the places where clubs were established, and its operations were managed from a headquarters office under Dr. Stephenson in Edinburgh. The magazine of British Rotary was established under the title of *The Rotary Wheel*, and conducted in its earliest years by Stephenson, after which it passed under the control of Thomas S. Barber, of London. After many years of distinguished service by Thomas Barber, the magazine underwent changes and its editorial work was undertaken entirely by the writer of this article. The magazine, under whoever may have been its editor at different times, has striven to combine the work of giving proper space to individual activities of the clubs, to official announcements, and with propagating Rotary ideas in their various phases in the shape of articles by selected writers. Its vogue has increased so that *The Rotary Wheel* is now the principal medium of communication between R. I. B. I. headquarters and the individual Rotarian, who receives it direct by post.

THE ROTARIAN has also a circulation in Great Britain, and is valued as a presentation of Rotary from the standpoint of International Headquarters. It is

almost superfluous to point out that such an idea as Rotary must be susceptible to different methods of interpretation in different countries, and, however great may be the desire of the British and American peoples to come together, their methods of literary and journalistic presentation must always differ. For this reason, then, the issue of one magazine to serve the whole of English-speaking Rotary must remain an ideal as long as English is differently spoken and differently read.

BRITISH Rotary began to hold annual Conferences at Bristol, which meeting in 1919 was followed in 1920 by a conference at Harrogate. Representatives of the central administration, Rotary International, from North America were present at both these Conferences. In 1921 was held the first International Convention on British soil, the great assembly at Edinburgh, concerning which, before I proceed, a few words must be said. This gathering was the first Rotary function I had the honor to attend, and it was my introduction to Rotary itself, and to office in the British organization. It impressed those who attended it as different in its effect from any other Anglo-American gathering on record, as it brought into personal contact individuals who would have been unlikely even to

suspect the like of each other, far less to come into personal relationship, through any other means.

They were not brought together for any specific purpose of politics, diplomacy, learning, letters, art, science, or religion, but only as fellow-men. They were drawn, not from the great centers alone, but from all parts of the two great English-speaking countries and from other countries, and they were brought together through the unique ritual of Rotary—for it is a ritual, though free from mystical forms and ceremonies. The use of the front-name, the open display of the classification and the name and the town, the song habit to relieve the solemnities, and the general good-humour, proved infectious. People went away from the Convention carrying not only recollections of sonorous addresses of a high place, but of intimate new friendships. Rotary meant to those who were at Edinburgh more than could be read in the written text, and it is not too much to say that Edinburgh was a veritable baptism, a coming of the spirit. Without doubt this effect on the delegates did much to stir up the missionary enthusiasm, and the will to make the Rotary movement in Great Britain nation-wide. To spread abroad such ideas and such sentiments became eminently worthy of a man's best efforts.

Following Edinburgh, the B. A. R. C. held a conference (1922) at Brighton, at which it formally decided to sink its own isolated existence and its name, and to accept the revised constitution of Rotary International, under which the clubs in Great Britain became a national or territorial unit. Thus happily ended a long controversy. The scene in which the rank and file of Rotarians from all over the islands rose to protest against any unseemly haggling as to the amount of "per capita" tax payable to Rotary International, will not readily be forgotten. It was a demonstration of solidarity that opened a new era in British Rotary. For the first time, the whole association was committed to work in harmony, as a part and parcel of a greater whole. On the battlefield of Brighton perished the last defenders of pure nationalism in Rotary, and the news of the victory was cabled to Chicago, in my presence, by Sam Botsford, to whose straight-from-the-shoulder oratory it was due in the main. A few weeks later, I had the privilege (Cont'd on p. 46)



Mowbray House, London, taken from Thames Embankment. Here are located the Headquarters offices of Rotary International—Association for Great Britain and Ireland



DR. WELLINGTON KOO (Wellington)—Minister of Foreign Affairs, former Minister to the United States and also to Great Britain. In the absence of both president and premier, Rotarian Koo is the ranking officer of the Chinese government at Peking, and faces a problem of almost unparalleled difficulties.

Some Prominent Chinese Rotarians

Members of the Rotary Club of Shanghai



DR. C. T. WANG (C. T.)—Dr. Wang has successively held the positions of National Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for China, General Manager of the Wah Chang Corporation, one of the largest of Chinese export-import houses; Commissioner General of Rehabilitation of Shantung and now Commissioner of Russian affairs.



K. P. CHEN—General Manager of Commercial Savings Bank.



DR. P. W. KNO (Prexy)—President of Southwestern University, Nanking.



DR. WAY SUNG NEW (Doc)—Prominent physician and surgeon.



JABIN HSU (Sam)—Editor "Shing Shun Po" (Chinese newspaper)



H. Y. MOH (Loyah)—Managing Director, Yu Fong Cotton Mills and leading Chinese authority on cotton.



SA DAH REN (Star)—Recently established large coal company.



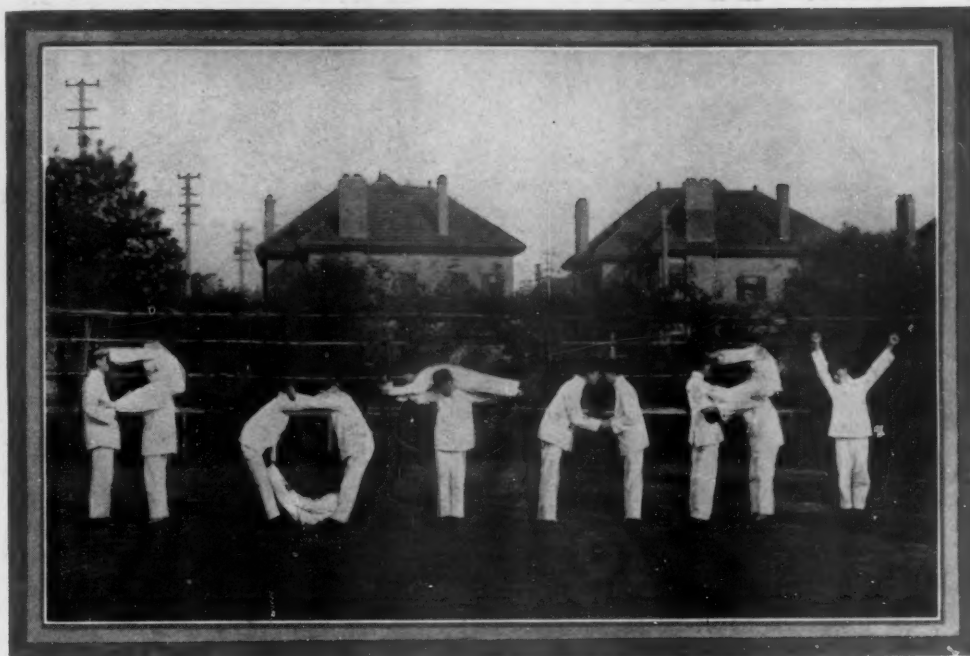
V. FONG LAM (Spring)—Manager Lam, Glines and Co., Construction Engineers.



DR. FONG SEC (Fong)—English Editor with the Commercial Press. Also chairman, National Committee, Y. M. C. A. (China)

DR. N. L. HAN—Founder and General Manager of the National Transport Company, the national express company of China.

"Rotary in Chinese" — Blind Chinese boys "spell" Rotary with the use of a few legs and arms.



Over the Great Wall

Rotary Service storms the barricade of racial antipathy

By ARTHUR MELVILLE

ACROSS the north end of China, stretched over some twenty-two degrees of longitude lies the Great Wall, one of the most impressive artificial barriers ever erected by man. Roughly constructed of great boulders it was a formidable obstacle in its day, and for nineteen centuries was considered an important part of the country's defences. Yet now it is for the most part neglected, and only where it crosses some important mountain pass is there any attempt to garrison its watch towers.

But far more formidable than such artificial barriers at the frontiers of nations are the feelings of suspicion and envy which keep men apart—and this form of "great wall" is by no means confined to China. To force a breach in one of these invisible, yet very real, obstacles, is a far greater task for modern man than is the removal of barriers of stone. Yet it is being done, and in China as elsewhere there are signs that East and West are finding common ground.

Among the influences (and there are many of them) working for the better relationship of nations is Rotary, which, having secured a foothold on the east coast of China bids fair to carry its message throughout the land. That this condition should exist, despite the natural difficulties of language, is really not so surprising when one takes everything into consideration. For the principles taught by Confucius some twenty-eight centuries ago have much in common with those proclaimed by Rotary—a fact too often overlooked by those who

all too often seek the *differences* among religions rather than the *similarities*. So it happened that the first Rotary Club in China, established at Shanghai in what is practically foreign territory with a predominance of American and British members—found a great opportunity ready at hand. The story of its establishment is rather a diversion from the usual history of Rotary clubs, for the Shanghai club was founded in a territory where there was no district governor—an outpost far from other established clubs. It was a pioneering effort by a man believing in Rotary *International*.

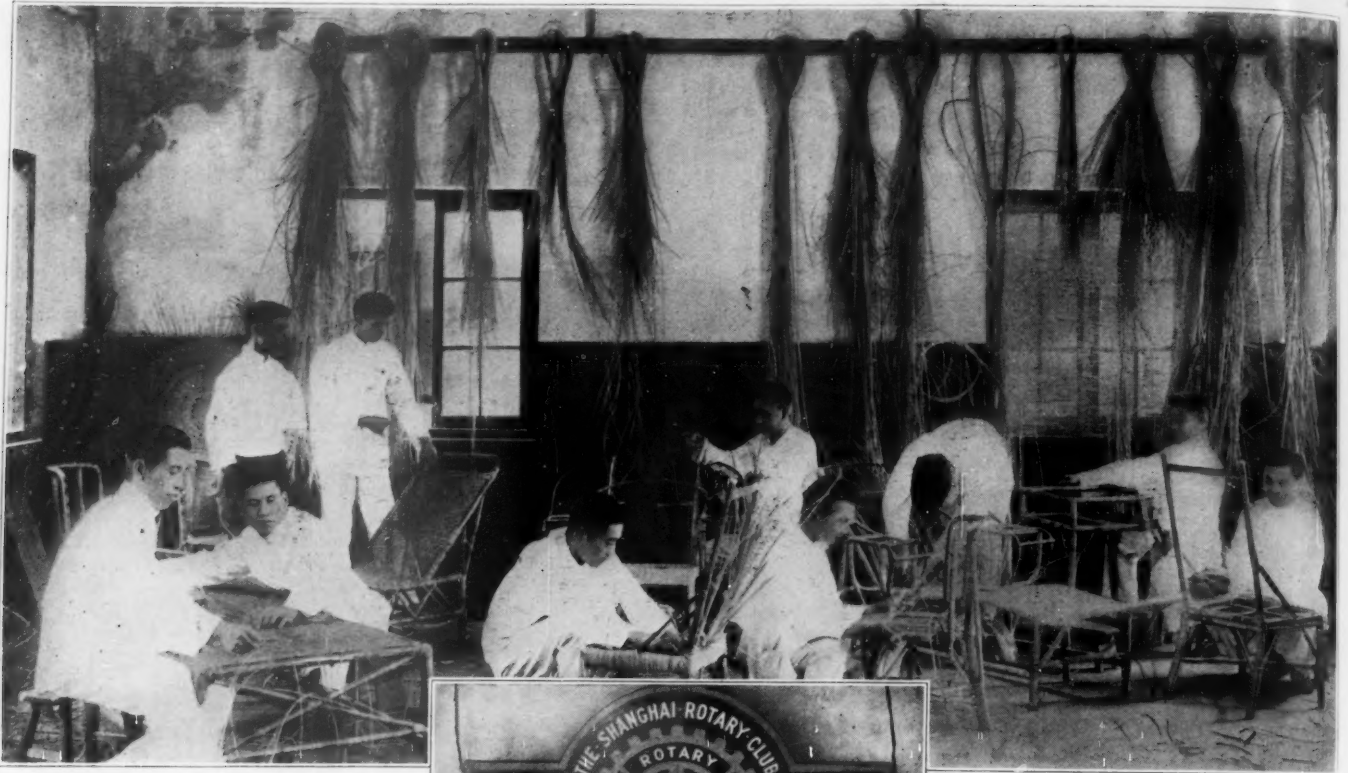
In 1919, Roger D. Pinneo, former president of the Rotary Club of Seattle, Washington, went abroad on an extended business trip undertaken in the interests of the Pacific Steamship Company. Interested in the possibilities of Rotary extension he conferred with the Secretary at Rotary Headquarters and sought permission to establish a club at Manila while in the Orient. The successful organization of the Manila Rotary club inspired him to further efforts, so he turned his attention to Shanghai. As the result of his work, Shanghai Rotary was elected to membership October 1st, 1919, and started its career with thirty-seven charter members, who met first at the Palace Hotel there. The late Dr. Julian Petit was elected the first president, and did yeoman service in getting the club away to a true start, as well as his later work as successor to George L. Treadwell, the latter having been elected the first secretary. "Tread" later returned

to the United States and he is now full-time secretary of Chicago Rotary. R. Buchan was elected treasurer. Rotarian Pinneo presided at the first meeting of the club, held July 9th, 1919.

The club promptly issued "The Pagoda," its weekly news bulletin, and began first to create the groundwork for fellowship within itself.

The list of charter members does not reveal a single Chinese name—but in the succeeding years Shanghai Rotary has purposely acquired a cosmopolitan character, so that now its membership is 80 per cent American, 10 per cent British, and 10 per cent native Chinese. It immediately sensed the opportunity for developing friendly relations between the various nationalities represented in Shanghai. Appreciating that this end could also be accomplished through co-operation with the younger generation as well as through its membership, the Rotary Club of Shanghai has pursued various means of working with Chinese and foreign boys. Two of these, co-operation with the new half-million dollar Shanghai American School, and service to the Institution for Chinese Blind, deserve some further mention.

THE American School was founded to meet one of the great problems of those Americans whose business interests are in the Orient—that of providing a suitable education for their children. How well it meets the demand is evinced by the journeys which American pupils undertake to reach their school—many of them traveling for days



The Rotary Club of Shanghai, China, has provided an additional building for the Institution for Chinese Blind.

through wild country by small boats and other primitive means of transportation. To this school, the Shanghai Rotary Club brings added incentive through the annual award of a \$500 scholarship in any American university for that pupil who has done the most to serve his high school. Competition for these scholarships is keen and the award is not easy where there is so much rivalry. The winner must be more than a three-letter man or a star debater—he must illustrate the spirit of service in some way which directly affects the standing of the school as a whole. Coaching teammates instead of striving for individual success; writing up school news for the local papers; these are some of the many ways which the pupils have found to show their desire to serve their school.

The success of the American school in Shanghai has caused agitation for a similar school at Peking, and it seems likely that this will shortly be provided. Courses in the Chinese language are to be compulsory in these schools, and the pupils thereby secure a first aid to friendliness—a common means of communication.

But the students are not the only beneficiaries of this Rotary service. It finds expression in other ways as for instance in the Y. M. C. A. and the Institution for Chinese Blind, both of which are assisted by Shanghai Rotary. The "Y" is sufficiently well-known for its international work, and needs little



comment here; but the Institution is still at the beginning of a promising career.

Probably the Rev. George B. Fryer had read Milton's sonnets—at least he must have had some idea of the spirit which enabled the poet to surmount the handicap of blindness—and some desire to inject that spirit into others. It is twenty-five years since the Rev. Fryer founded the Institution for Chinese Blind at Shanghai, and since then endowment funds and missionary labor have been employed to maintain it. George B.

Blind students of this school are unusually adept at weaving baskets and in making wicker and rattan furniture.

Fryer, son of the founder, and his wife who now direct the school, have dedicated their lives to this work.

ALTHOUGH the sale of rattan and wicker products made by the blind boys supplements the endowment funds to some extent, there is still opportunity for those who wish to contribute either money or personal help to the work of the Institution. The Shanghai Rotary Club, the Chinese Chamber of Commerce, and the British Women's Club are listed among the organizations lending energy to those who will not yield to a handicap. Besides building a room 40 by 20 feet, and a kitchen so as to give the Institution much needed space for its operations, the Rotarians have helped in other ways. Individual members find that their visits are greatly appreciated by those who do not need vision to recognize their friends.

There are now some forty-five boys in the Institution whose ages range from three to twenty-one. The skill which they display in manufacturing steamer chairs, tables, baskets, hardwood furniture, and various other Oriental hand-made products would be creditable if it were exhibited by those in full possession of their sight, and when one considers that it is all done by "seeing" hands it seems wonderful. But the boys do not spend all their time at work. There are recreation intervals which are enjoyed just as much as those in which

(Continued on page 45)

Some Brief Facts About Rotary

A Brief Re-Statement of Rotary History—Rotary Fundamentals —Rotary Ethics—and Rotary Extension

First Rotary Club Organized in Each Country

United States—Chicago, Feb. 23, 1905
Canada—Winnipeg, Nov., 1910
Irish Free State—Dublin, March, 1911
Great Britain and Ireland—London, Aug., 1911
Cuba—Havana, April, 1916
Porto Rico—San Juan, April, 1918
Uruguay—Montevideo, July, 1918
Philippine Islands—Manila, Jan., 1919
China—Shanghai, July, 1919
Panama—Panama City, July, 1919
India—Calcutta, Sept., 1919
Argentina—Buenos Aires, Nov., 1919
Spain—Madrid, Oct., 1920
Japan—Tokyo, Oct., 1920
Mexico—Mexico City, April, 1921
France—Paris, April, 1921
Australia—Melbourne, May, 1921
New Zealand—Wellington, May, 1921
Peru—Lima, July, 1921
South Africa—Johannesburg, July, 1921
Newfoundland—St. Johns, Nov., 1921
Denmark—Copenhagen, Nov., 1921
Norway—Christiania, Feb., 1922
Holland—Amsterdam, Nov., 1922
Brazil—Rio de Janeiro, Dec., 1922
Belgium—Ostend, July, 1923
Italy—Milan, Nov., 1923

History of Organization

National Association formed by convention of first 16 clubs in August, 1910, at Chicago, general officers elected and a constitution adopted.

Second Convention held at Portland, Oregon, August, 1911. Platform adopted; motto chosen; monthly magazine established.

International Association formed in August, 1912, at Duluth, Minnesota, to provide for charter for Winnipeg, Canada, and London, England.

Rotary International became name by adoption of revised Constitution at Los Angeles convention, June 6, 1922.

Rotary

Fundamentally, Rotary is a philosophy of life that undertakes to reconcile the ever-present conflict between the desire to profit for one's self and the duty and consequent impulse to serve others. This philosophy is the philosophy of *Service*—"Service above Self"—and is based on the practical ethical principle that "he profits most who serves best."

The Rotary Club

Primarily, a Rotary club is a group of representative business and professional men who, without secret vow, dogma or creed, but each in his own way, have accepted the Rotary philosophy of service and are seeking: First, to study collectively the theory of service as the true basis of success and happiness in business and in life; and, second, to give, collectively, practical demonstrations of it to themselves and their community; and, third,

each as an individual, to translate its theory into practice in his business and in his everyday life; and, fourth, individually and collectively, by active precept and example, to stimulate its acceptance both in theory and practice by all non-Rotarians as well as by all Rotarians.

Rotary International

Rotary International is an organization that exists (1) for the protection, development, and worldwide propagation of the Rotary ideal of service, (2) for the establishment, encouragement, assistance, and administrative supervision of Rotary clubs, and (3) as a clearing house for the study of their problems and, by helpful suggestion but no compulsion, for the standardization of their practices and of such objective activities and only such objective activities, as have already been widely demonstrated by many clubs as worth while, and as are within, and will not tend to obscure, the objects of Rotary as set out in the Constitution of Rotary International.

The Objects of Rotary are:

To encourage and foster:

- (a) The ideal of SERVICE as the basis of all worthy enterprise.
- (b) High ethical standards in business and professions.
- (c) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal business and community life.
- (d) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (e) The recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.
- (f) The advancement of understanding, good-will, and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the Rotary ideal of service.

Rotary in Action

Because he who serves must act, Rotary is not merely a state of mind, nor Rotary philosophy merely subjective, but must translate itself into objective activity; and the individual Rotarian and the Rotary club must put the theory of service into practice.

Each individual Rotary club has absolute autonomy in the selection of such objective activities as appeal to it and as are suited to its community; but no club should allow any objective activity to obscure the objects of Rotary nor jeopardize the primary purpose for which a Rotary club is organized; and Rotary International, although it may study, standardize and develop such activities as are general and make helpful suggestions regarding them, should never prescribe nor proscribe any objective activity for any club.

A Rotary club, therefore, is fundamentally an organization of men selected from the businesses and professions of a community. These men hold membership as Rotarians so long as they are truly representative of and can and will adequately

express the best interests and highest ideals of their respective businesses and professions in the organization and so long as they are qualified to, and do, carry the spirit and practice of Rotary into their businesses and professions.

Rotary Membership

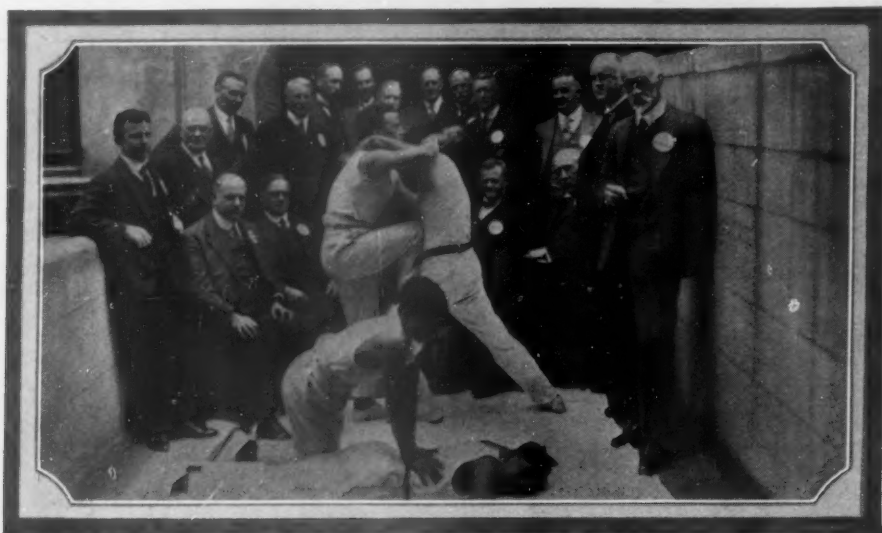
The membership of each Rotary club consists of but one man from each distinct line of business or profession in the community, and such business or professional activity, to which he must devote at least 60 per cent of his working time, becomes his classification in Rotary. The intention is that each business and profession shall have one worthy and active exponent in the Rotary club and that the Rotary club, through its members, may have one direct and responsible avenue of approach to all those engaged in each business and profession in the community.

Attendance at meetings of a Rotary club is compulsory, any member being absent from four successive meetings without excuse acceptable to the club directors may suffer forfeiture of his membership. Attendance upon the meeting of any Rotary club other than his own within the week of his own club meeting, counts as attendance at his own club, however, for any Rotarian.

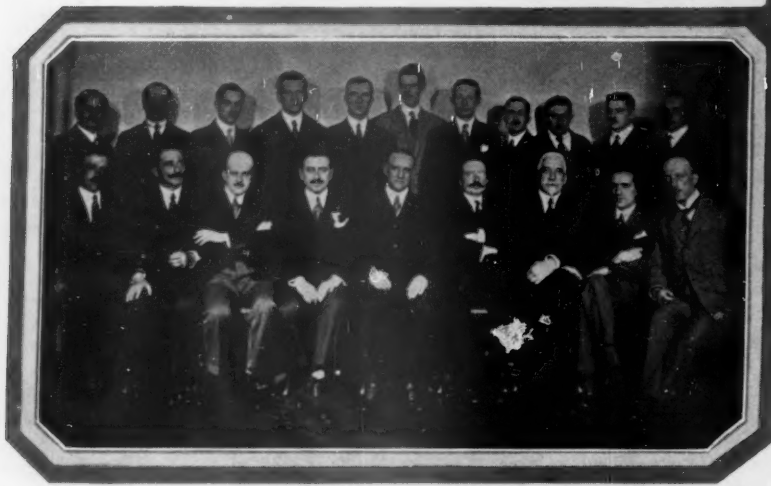
Origin and Growth of Rotary

The first Rotary club in the world was formed in Chicago February 23, 1905, by Paul Harris, a lawyer, who suggested the form of organization to three friends and they instituted the first club. Its progress has been steady since that time. Rotary International, the organization of which all Rotary clubs are members, on January 1, 1924 consisted of 1,592 clubs with an approximate membership of 97,000 Rotarians in 26 countries.

ROTARY has a definite program. Each year after the International Convention five international committees, each charged with a phase of Rotary activity and composed of men from all over the world, meet in Chicago for a week and formulate a program for the year's work. The following week the chairmen of these committees present their report to the International Board of Directors for co-ordination and adoption. The week thereafter 41 District Governors, in charge of the 41 Rotary districts, the General Officers, the President of the Association for G. B. & I., and the Special Commissioners meet with the Board and are advised as to the program for the year. Each Governor then assembles the executives of all the clubs in his district and confers with them as to the program adopted by Rotary International for the year and its development in the clubs. The executives, in turn, pass the program on to their respective clubs. Rotary International publishes pamphlets on each Rotary activity, outlining in detail, for the benefit of the executives of the individual club, how that activity may be conducted as the result of the experience of the clubs generally with any particular activity.



A demonstration of life-saving before the Rotary Club of Melbourne, Australia. At the extreme left is Honorary Secretary Walter A. Drummond and at his left, sitting, is Immediate Past President Sir John Monash, and sitting next to the latter is Treasurer Fred Ryall. Also standing, from right to left, are: Sir Robert Gibson, next member unidentified; Sergeant-at-Arms "Steve" Armstrong; and Prof. W. A. Osborne, University of Melbourne, past president.



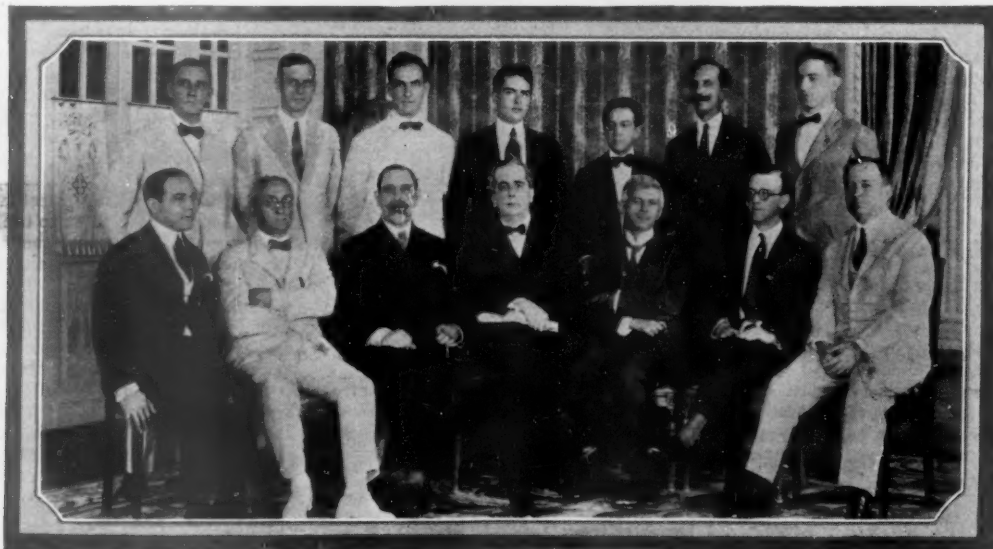
Rotary Club of Toulouse, France. Dr. Mathieu Montalegre, president, is seated in the first row, sixth from the left. Roger Canjolle, secretary, is standing fifth from right of picture.

A Few Rotary Club Views

On these pages are introduced Rotary exponents of "Service Above Self" from Rotary Clubs in France, Norway, Australia, China, South America and Cuba.



Officials of Rotary Club of Christiania, Norway. Seated left to right are: T. H. Wegge, attorney, past president; and Nils Parmann, banker, president. Standing left to right, are: Anton Iversen, insurance, treasurer; Thor Bisgaard, manufacturer's agent, vice-president; Olaf Five, army officer, secretary; and Robert Fagelund, director. Christiania Rotary has a membership of approximately twenty-five. (See also page 34.)



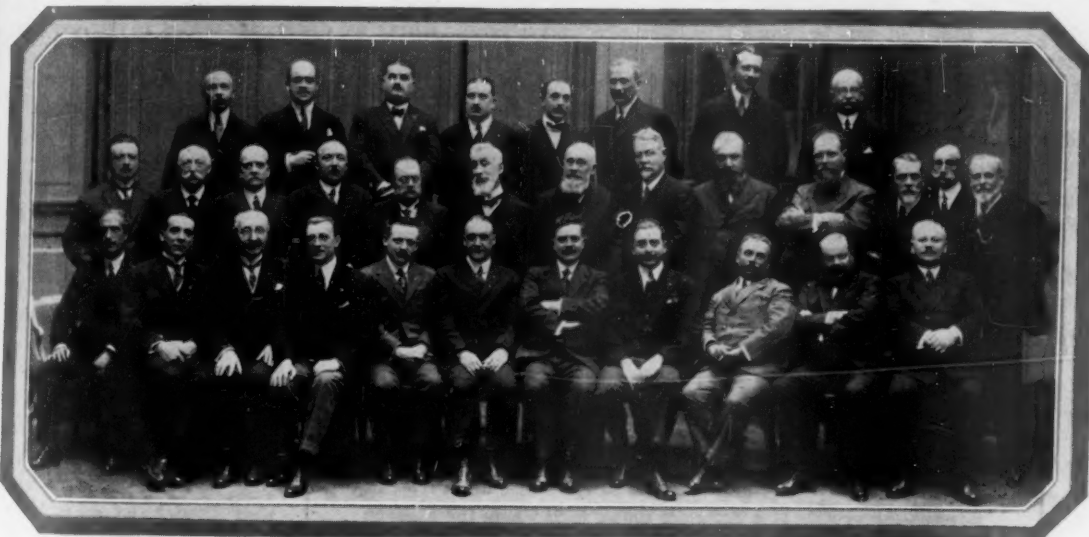
Members of the newly organized Rotary Club of Rio de Janeiro. Federico Alfonso Pezet, Peruvian Ambassador at Washington, recent speaker and guest of honor, is seated third from the left.

From Far and Wide

THE Rotary Club of Cienfuegos, Cuba, was organized in June, 1919. It has a membership of thirty-four and was among the first clubs to be organized in Cuba. The president is Frederick L. Hughes, sugar producer, and the secretary is Jose R. Montalvo, solicitor.



The Rotary Club of Cienfuegos, Cuba, and guests. This picture was taken during a meeting of the city's civic authorities, the Social Club, Chamber of Commerce members and the Rotary Club. Problems affecting the progress of the community were discussed and a committee was appointed consisting of members of these various organizations.



This picture was taken at the institution meeting of the newly organized Rotary Club at Lyons, France. Present were members from the Rotary clubs of Paris and Barcelona. In the center of the first row, arms folded, is Etienne Fougere, president of the Lyons club.



The newly organized Rotary Club at Tientsin, China, recently held a "Fathers and Sons" meeting at which there were more than one hundred present. Boys' work is engaging the earnest attention of both the Shanghai and Tientsin clubs. (See also page 33.)

An Opinion Regarding Rotary

By PAUL P. HARRIS

Founder of the First Rotary Club and
President Emeritus of Rotary International

WHEN a youth is at the point where he needs a new suit of clothes every three or four months, he is likely to be afflicted with certain aches and pains known as growing pains. The information that they are growing pains does not afford the boy infinite satisfaction. He fervently wishes that they were well done with and sure enough they will be well done with—when the growing period is past.

So long as Rotary continues to grow it will be afflicted with growing pains and we who entertain profound ambitions for Rotary must not be disappointed if there is more or less pulling and tugging from time to time.

Having a spike driven into one's pet ambition is no more satisfying than growing pains are to a boy and yet, if we are sufficiently philosophical, we may be able to derive some satisfaction from the thought that our pet ambition is merely being put to a test which it will in all probability survive and benefit from if it is indeed the profoundly wonderful thing we believe it to be.

It is my belief that the currents of Rotary have never been more deeply agitated than during the year of 1923, and I am certain that we have never made greater progress.

Now that the year has rolled by, we may be able to shake hands and say "We have fought and bled together. God bless you, here's for another year. May the saddest day of the future be happier than the happiest day of the past."

Among other things, we have during the year 1923 made many attempts to define Rotary.

Perhaps Charlie Mackintosh, former president of the Advertising Clubs of the World, came as near as possible to hitting the nail on the head when he answered the question, "What is Rotary?" by relating the fable of the three blind men who attempted to describe the elephant. To him who chanced to lean against its ponderous sides, the elephant was very like a wall; to him who felt its sturdy legs, it was very

like a tree; to him who grasped its squirming trunk, it was very like a rope. Charlie's obvious inference was that the individual's conception of Rotary would depend largely upon his point of contact. Like the elephant, Rotary has more sides than one and if it is now to be made *uni-lateral*, which side shall be permitted to survive, your side, my side, the inside or the outside?

To me, Rotary has been something of an experimental laboratory. I have never been able to qualify as a prophet. Some of my most cherished dreams have faded away, while some of my least valued conceptions have gained vigor with the passage of time. One thing has never failed me and that has been the power of friendship. I have been time and again astounded at the way it proves out. I have come to believe it to be unfathomable. Its ways are mysterious; it is to be found where one might well think that it could not exist. There is a depth of friendship in the hearts of some otherwise very commonplace men, which is nearly sublime. It refreshes and invigorates the soul to observe its workings. In the final analysis it seems to me that it must have been intended as the salvation of mankind. Is there anything more potent

than man's impulse to hate? I think that there surely is and that it is man's impulse to love. What have we been advertising throughout the centuries? We have been advertising war. The pages of history reek with it. In the days of my childhood, no education was considered well begun until hatred of alien races had been burned into one's mind. It was surely wonderful advertising and done just in the nick of time. The child mind is a delicate film, wonderfully impressionable. Love is mightier than hate. Give it one half the advertising that hate has had, and there will be no more war.

BUT what is Rotary?

Very generally speaking, it is the Golden Rule in action seven days in the week. But what kind of action? There's where we differ, according to our various points of contact.

I do not think that it is the part of wisdom to attempt to put Rotary into a straight jacket. Rotary has during the nineteen years of its life passed through various evolutionary processes, and I think it fair to assume that it will still further evolve.

The world war inspired one of the finest advances in the evolution of Ro-

tary, the inclusion of the cultivation of international friendships. There are Rotarians who have been so profoundly impressed with the significance of this latest development that they have even been disposed to cast aside everything else that Rotary might dedicate itself exclusively to this one service. Certain it is, that there could be no more noble cause, and in some respects Rotary seems to be the most suitable agency for the achievement of the purpose. A war-weary world yearns for peace. Advocates of this particular activity may, with a considerable degree of reason, say: "Why should we not abandon everything else in favor of this one thing; we could be so much more effective if all would abandon their particular hobbies and come to the aid of (Cont'd on page 50)

"Yes, But That's Just One Man's Opinion"

—is the phrase with which the man in the street often tries to dismiss the verdict of a dramatic critic, with whom the average man has a variance. However, the man in the street is wrong—it isn't the opinion of one man with which the conflict occurs—it is the reasoned judgment of generations of men who have studied drama—expressed through the pen of one man. Similarly the value of opinions concerning Rotary, and Rotary's *raison d'être*, lies largely in the accumulated wisdom represented.

On this and the opposite page you will find two opinions as to Rotary's real mission in the world—opinions elucidated by the recent publication of the views of Rotarian William Moffatt. One of the opinions presented this month is the expression of Paul P. Harris, President Emeritus of Rotary; the other is the viewpoint of Raymond M. Havens, Immediate Past President of Rotary International. Both men bring to the task the essence of years of Rotary effort and Rotary experience. Both opinions are well worth your careful consideration. You may or may not agree with either of them—but at least you will find your interest held and your thought challenged by the earnestness which permeates these views. When you have read them your own view may be strengthened or it may not—you may feel secure in your convictions or find your conception of Rotary crumbling away. You may even decide that neither view is quite right and feel moved to expound just what, in your opinion, is Rotary's real objective.

Another Opinion Regarding Rotary

By RAYMOND M. HAVENS

*Past President of Rotary International and
Chairman of Business Methods Committee*

WHAT is the weak point of Rotary?

Is there a fade-away element in its make-up, from which it will perish, if it perishes? You know what I mean. But let's put it in plain words, I mean the weakness which tends to reduce Rotary to mere good fellowship, to leave it an organization without a basic or fundamental cause.

The incredible, the unfortunate thing, is that thousands of Rotary club members do not know what Rotary really means. Is the *physical organization*, Rotary? Is the *Government*, America? Does civilization consist in the government, the law-makers, the law-enforcers, the social censors? Or does civilization consist in the civilized state of mind of individuals?

Never has there been such a multiplicity of organizations, associations, societies, leagues to reform and set right every imaginable thing. All of them have a certain more or less similar form. Each have a few active members, who break into print and claim to speak for a vast following. Is Rotary International one of these? No, certainly not, it is entirely different. It is the very opposite.

Rotary International has its organized leadership, its organized machinery; but this leadership and this machinery are for the purpose of inspiring its members to *keep the faith* of Rotary. Rotary is a body that works through its membership as individuals.

The faith of Rotary is *individual* responsibility.

Where and how is the Rotary faith to be kept and practiced? Nothing could be more simple. The place is your own daily business, the time is *now*, and the way to do it is simply to realize that there is no such thing as passive, inactive good character.

Some other manufacturer trimmed the cost by using a material he would not tell his customers he uses? He makes a larger profit. Are you therefore, justified in doing likewise?

You have a number of men working for you, to whom you have never said as much as "good morning." Wouldn't it be more human to make occasional rounds of your own shop or office and get into personal touch with your men and associates than to pay a social worker to make proxied visits?

Do you sometimes tell your typist that

you must have those letters finished, and when they are finished, let them lie over until next week, because they are unimportant, while the girl sees red and green and blue, but tries to smile.

That's a great advertisement the young advertising writer concocted. If he had known more about the goods, perhaps he would not have written with such enthusiasm. Almost a case for the Better Business Bureau. Well, you say, they don't know, or will not dare to kick. And the advertisement sure has the punch. Let it ride. There are worse mis-statements getting by. Thus we seek to justify our action. But we fool few people—least of all ourselves.

Business is the everyday, universal, never-ceasing aggregate of actions, small and big, trifling and important, forming an intricacy of life in which every individual is more or less similar; and Rotary means that, here and there, an individual shall stand out as an example: *There is a man!*

WHAT constitutes a first-class, decent, loyal upstanding man and citizen? Why does he stand out? Not because he is a member of Rotary, but because he has *character*.

Character goes beyond qualities of mind; it exceeds what we call individuality. Character is the spirit of the man—plus the state of mind springing from intelligence, education, experience, and moral conviction; and, above all, character demonstrates itself by action. Certainly, it cannot demonstrate itself by inaction. There is no such thing as passive good character.

So when we ask the question, "What is Rotary?" we can well answer it in these terms:

It is the character of the individual Rotarian. It is the character of the men who profess and practice Rotary in all of their daily contacts.

It is the great need of the modern world. In this way, the purposes and objects of Rotary are to be gained, if they are gained, at all, by the influence of Rotary principles on the business morality of a community. Not by speeches, but by deeds, daily, hourly deeds.

This is the mighty difference between the organization of Rotary and the organizations that are the spear-heads of a cause. The cause of Rotary is to raise up men to practice honor, human feeling, good will, sympathy in the office and the shop, the factory and the store. It is idealism put into practical effect. It is

business chivalry. Not in words but in the individual's acts. He, *himself*, is the cause.

In its hey-dey, chivalry furnished an object lesson to the world which still exists in figures of speech and terms of action. Why? Because chivalry was practiced by individual knights errant, and it was only when it passed into forms of social organization and titles and tenure of office, that it became a sham and perished.

Likewise, when Rotary fails to be the Rotarian *himself*; when it becomes a name, an organization, doing what other organizations do, supporting this or that good thing outside of the inner business life; when it becomes neglectful of the personal business arena in which each Rotarian must prove himself—that is, his *own* office, or shop—then Rotary, instead of qualifying to be the chivalry of business, will become a sham, a pretense, and deserve the oblivion of disuse. Herein lies the weakness of Rotary.

Finally, how do we know this weakness of Rotary is being felt? How do we know that there are Rotarians who put on Rotary like a coat when they go to the meetings, and take it off like a coat, when they return to their places of business? We know it because of the constant disposition to take up something to boost Rotary, to get publicity. I heard a good brother measure the good of his club by the columns of newspaper space.

We know it because—I hate to say it, but I must say it, for I wish to make this so plain that it will hurt—we know it because the men on the street, the men in any certain trade, do not appear to always regard Rotary membership in itself as evidence of squareness and integrity. They think that Rotary is all right, the Rotarians are good men—they have to be, or they can't become members—but they are good men like many other good men, no better than it pays.

The spirit of Rotary, like the spirit of chivalry, is the rightness of the act, not the cost of the act. The payment is spiritual. Your acts make you a Rotarian. It makes other men realize that you *are* a Rotarian. By this code and no other; by the application of this code of business, not the other fellow's business but *your own* business; only in this way will Rotary stand forth as the escutcheon of the strong man, the brave man, the gallant business man, who, in the end, must uphold this civilization, or it will crash on our heads, burying good and bad in one common ruin.

"Greater Love Hath No Man"

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

Illustrations by
A. H. Winkler

YOU WOULD never have imagined that his name was George Washington Hicks if you had seen him there at "Paoli's" on a sunny Paris afternoon, a tall, opalescent drink at his elbow, sprawling limply and negligently with one leg thrown over an arm of his chair to show a *glacé* kid shoe and a heliotrope silk sock, a double-breasted, brocaded, white waistcoat, a gardenia in his buttonhole, a braided morning-coat fastened with a loop, a dove-gray bowler hat tilted suggestively over one ear, and a three-inch cigarette holder held between lips that were surmounted by the martial upsweep of a waxed, honey-colored mustache. Nor would you have guessed that beneath all this exuberant finery breathed a youthful son of the great American Northwest, born and bred in Spokane, if you had heard the clipped, metallic Parisian slang with which he told the waiter to bring another "*apéro*," and added, to hasten the man's deliberate flat-footed shuffle: "*Vit, l'vieux! Kif-kif! Fov' l'camp!*"

Yet, except for short trips as far west as Portland, Oregon, and as far north as Fernie, British Columbia, he had not left the careless and optimistic capital of the Inland Empire until about a year earlier, when his late father's lawyer had called him into his office up on the top story of the Peyton Building, had shoved a brown bankbook and a number of beautifully engraved, although sound, securities across the table, and had said:

"Here's the whole loot, young fellow! You're twenty-one, white, free, well-to-do, and an orphan. Go and make a fool of yourself. You'd do it even if I didn't warn you, and you'd be sure to if I did. Run along—and God bless you!"

The lawyer had guessed correctly.

One thousand dollars a month; the low rate of exchange quadrupling its value; youth, ignorance, leisure, good humor, an unimpaired digestion—and Paris in Maytime.

Paris!

It whirled all about him, a great stone-clouted macrocosm, a coherent whole, a huge honeycomb communicating in all its parts, congested, restless, disorderly, but free. It whispered to his soul with its soft, nonchalant rhetoric, waylaying his mind and his senses; the eastern heav-

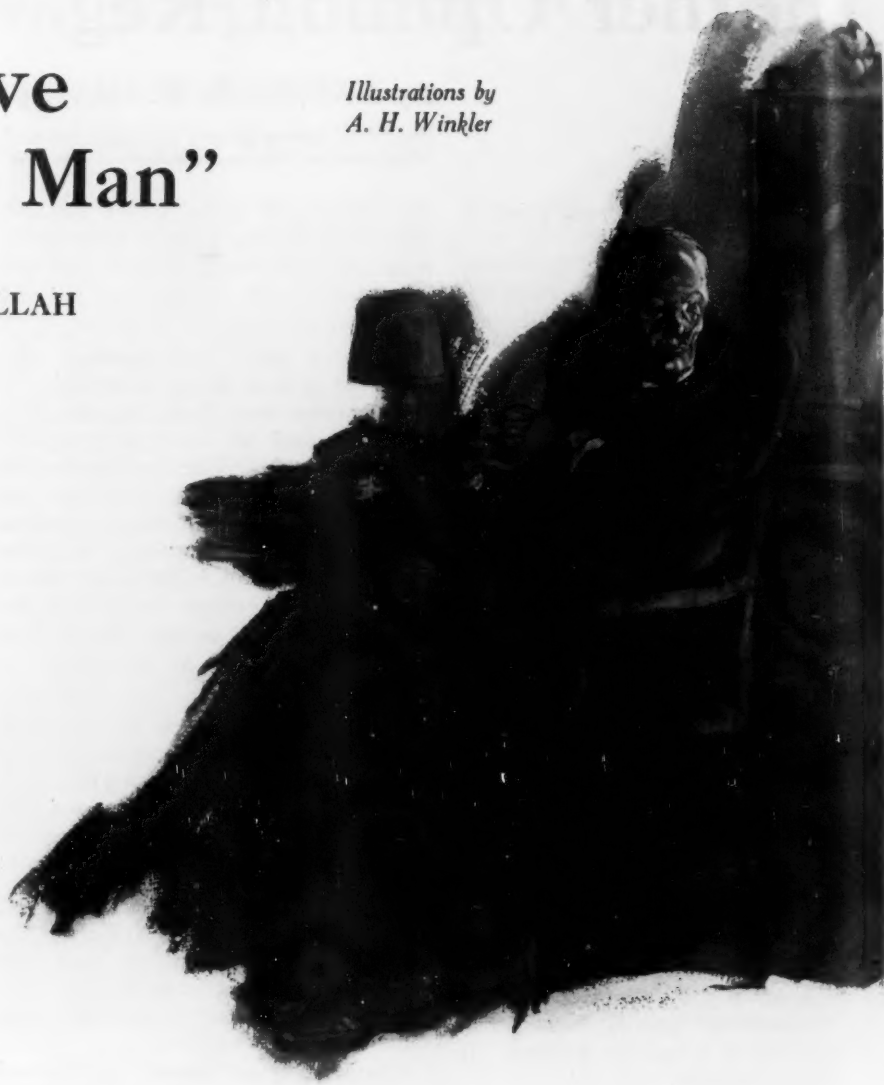
ens—that first evening—streaking a pale, sentimental sky with faint pastel bands of orchid and rose and elfin-green; the gas lamps like golden candles in front of a proud, worldly altar; the horizon in the west purpling to the night's sweep, with the dying sun enormous and flamed-red like a door slanting to some ancient, passionate mystery.

THERE were here the crowds of Paris, charged to the brim with tremendous, crackling, feverish vitality, ready at any moment to burst forth into emphatic words, emphatic deeds, from a scandal and duel over a pretty woman's arched instep to crimson revolution or a humanitarian principle encircling the globe. There was not here the blotched, surfeited coarseness of animal existence, grossly feeding, grossly content, hiding its pleasures away as if they were shameful secrets. These people lived with a sort of sane, clean sensuality, and they were glad of it, proud of it—all of them: the little work girls, hatless, their short, black taffeta skirts swinging from thin hips, rushing out of factories and shops like a flight of sparrows across the pavement; errand runners from the fashionable modistes' stores near the Place Ven-

dôme, carrying sprigged hat boxes stenciled with famous names, Riboux, Virot, or Doucet, hurrying to deliver last-minute purchases; comfortable, bearded, silk-hatted businessmen sipping their *Amer Picon* or *Grenadine-au-kirsch* in open air *cafés* with cold Gallic dignity; artisans in blue blouses and voluminous trousers, aggressively republican; teamsters crowned by enormous, dusty cartwheel hats; a sergeant of artillery stumbling along in over-large boots; an elderly aristocrat of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, still somehow redolent of powder bags and lace jabots and worn-out, feudal ideals; a Spahi of the colonial army, turbaned, burnoosed, statuesque, aloof; Don Juans and Doña Juanas; tourists gaping and tourists intelligent—and over all the scent of Paris, a mingling of gasoline and acrid, black tobacco and perfume—powerful, pervading, strong as the beat of a kettle-drum.

All this for the asking, the taking—and the paying! Easy—with a thousand dollars a month, representing some sixteen thousand francs.

Yet, after a week spent in a swagger hotel of the Rue Saint-Honoré at a startling rate which allowed no discount for leaky plumbing and bath towels of





"Take your second finger," he continued, "and point. That's it. Come straight down. Wait while I mark the place . . ."

A.H. WINKLER

insufficient size, something atavistic and strongly compelling screamed in George W. Hicks' brain.

His character, at this stage of his life, was a shifting thing, sliding through your fingers like sand or water and resting nowhere. He was all wrong from an angle of efficient and constructive social economics.

But in that hectic jumble of inherited qualities which makes up the human soul, often the half-forgotten, ancestral strain, the strain which seldom has the chance nor perhaps the desire to come to the surface, is really the more characteristic—and so let us mention that Tecumseh Hicks, George W.'s grandfather, had drifted west in the days of the prairie schooner and had acquired property by the time-honored method of squatting on somebody else's land with a squirrel-rifle convenient to the trigger finger.

while his father had piled up a decent competence by selling diamond dyes, printed calico, sewing machines, and whiskey to the guileless Red Man.

INDEED the Hickses had been unlike the swaggering Arnauts who had gone west via Panama to the riotous tune of "O My Darling Clementine." They had been a sober clan of real pioneers, satisfied with modest risks and modest profits. Thus he of the third Northwestern generation, while possibly a passive fool, was not exactly an active fool.

So he paid the hotel bill, without spoken criticism but with raised eyebrows; and went to the Rue Richer where a day or two earlier he had seen a neat brass plate with the legend:

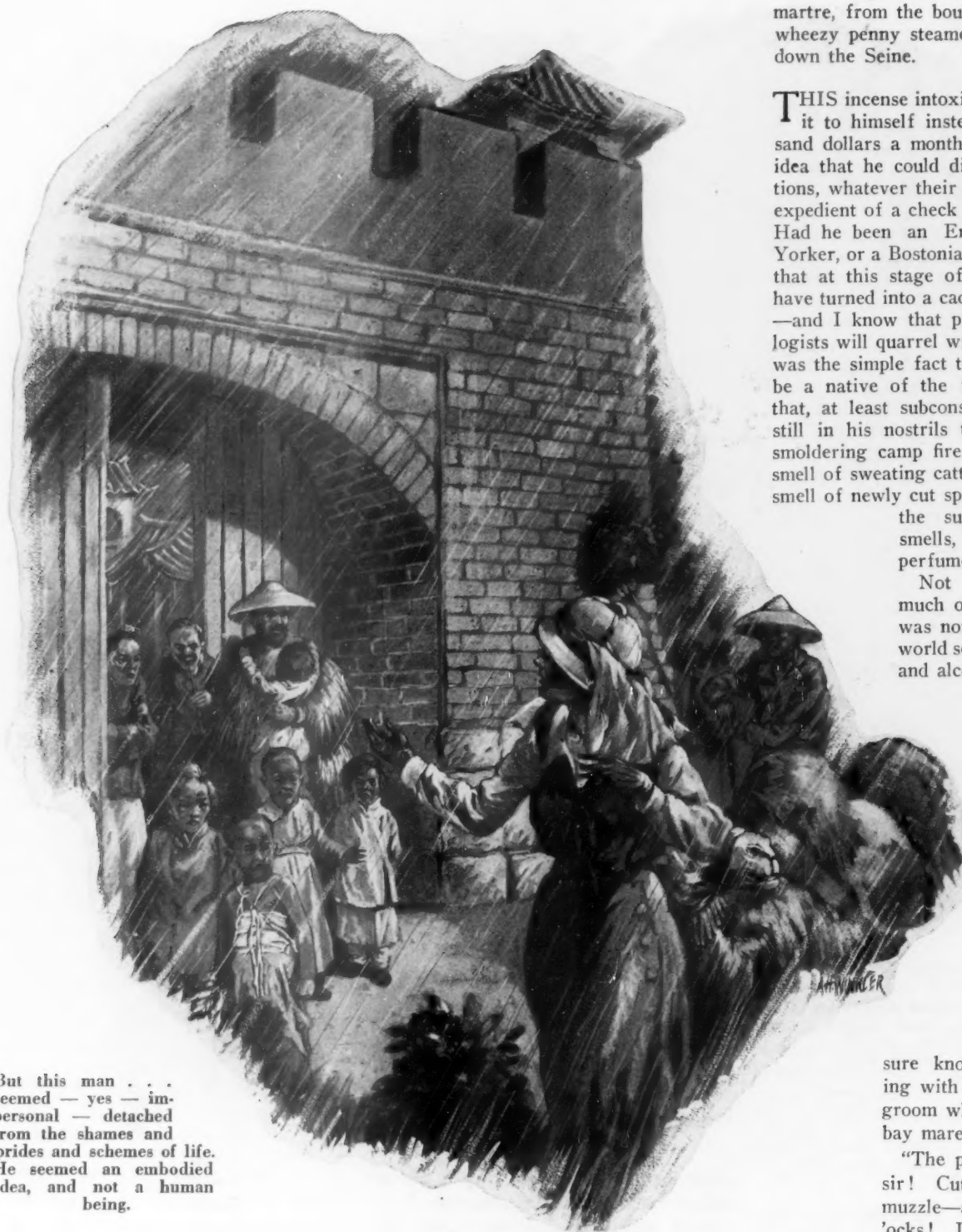
PENSION BLANCO

Rooms and board

Special attention paid to foreigners

When Madame Blanco had whispered to a chosen few of her boarders that George W. Hicks had taken two large front rooms—that he was "*un Américain richissime*," a gentlemen of leisure who had made special and liberal financial arrangements with her to be served every morning an extraordinary and fantastic trans-Atlantic breakfast, including such exotic dishes as grapefruit, oatmeal, toast, and frizzled eggs flanked by crisp strips of bacon—he fell into the niche for which fate had predestined him.

For the *pension* was a stone's throw away from the Conservatory of Music on the one side, and on the other from the



But this man . . . seemed — yes — impersonal — detached from the shames and prides and schemes of life. He seemed an embodied idea, and not a human being.

great wholesale silk and notion agencies. So the boarders were either frugal, middle-class, underpaid French clerks who worked in the latter establishments; or musical students, Frenchmen from the provinces with a sprinkling of foreigners, cut over the same last as to slender purses, shining ideals in their chosen art, and ravenous appetites.

They were a motley enough crew, and, during mealtime and at night in the crimson plush and ormolu salon which was Madame Blanco's pride, were forever at daggers' points over some topic, musical, political, or financial. But the power,

rather the fascination, of money is universal. It is the one true Esperanto. Back in Spokane where his fortune, measured with the Northwestern yardstick, had not been so overwhelming as to command respect in itself, George W. Hicks had been classed and dismissed with the gentle lilies of the field. Here now, for the first time in his life, he smelled the pleasant incense of hero worship.

Not only in the *pension*. Too, wherever his reputation as a wealthy and free-handed spender preceded him: from "Paoli's" to the garish heights of Mont-

martre, from the boulevards to the little wheezy penny steamers that ply up and down the Seine.

THIS incense intoxicated him. He took it to himself instead of to his thousand dollars a month. It gave him the idea that he could discharge all obligations, whatever their nature, by the trite expedient of a check drawn on his bank. Had he been an Englishman, a New Yorker, or a Bostonian, the chances were that at this stage of his life he might have turned into a cad. What saved him—and I know that professional psychologists will quarrel with this statement—was the simple fact that he happened to be a native of the far Northwest and that, at least subconsciously, there was still in his nostrils the acrid smell of smoldering camp fires, the strong, sane smell of sweating cattle, the keen, fresh, smell of newly cut spruce logs drying in the sun—stronger, these smells, than gasoline and perfume.

Not that he thought much of the West. Paris was now his world. This world seemed all silk hose and alcohol and gold.

And then he met the girl.

He met her in quite a romantic way one morning when, the sun crying him out to the open, he decided to go for a gallop, and went to a riding academy.

He picked his horse with care and

sure knowledge, fraternizing with the English stable groom who recommended a bay mare with a star as:

"The proper sort o' filly, sir! Cut neat about the muzzle—and look at them 'ocks! Dainty wot? Just

look at 'er! She can waltz across the tan like a blinkin' 'Yde Parker—and out in the open—why—she can take a fence with the best o' them!"

"All right. Saddle her up."

And a few minutes later, when the groom returned with the mare, George W. Hicks laughed, pointing at the light, four-pound English saddle.

"I can't ride this sort of postage-stamp," he said. "Let's have a stock saddle."

"A—wot, sir?"

"A good old forty-pound stock saddle with a horn to swing my leg over when I get tired." (Continued on page 58)

Some Guide-Posts for New Members

A message to the thousands of New Members lately come into Rotary

By CALVIN O. DAVIS

DURING the past twelve months thousands of new members have entered Rotary. They have come into the organization by invitation. Somebody, who has known them well, has recognized their potential Rotary qualities, has seen the advantages that might accrue both to them and to the Rotary club if they were admitted, and has stood sponsor for them. These facts alone ought to put a new member on his mettle and to challenge his powers. No doubt they do.

Moreover, if a sponsor has done his full duty he has, at least in a general way, informed his candidate respecting the character of the organization he is to join. It is pertinent, however, to restate for the benefit of these novices some of the more salient facts about Rotary and to list some of Rotary's cardinal principles.

Rotary is perhaps the most novel organization in the world. It has no ritual, no creed, no elaborate initiation ceremony, no secret vows, no burdensome obligations. It is but an association of men thought to possess qualities of high personal worth, of notable business or professional leadership, of pronounced public spirit and of a disposition always to place altruistic service above the advantage of self. Indeed its very motto is: *Service above self, or He profits most who serves best.*

Rotary is now 19 years of age—the first club having been organized in Chicago on Feb. 23, 1905. Paul Harris, an attorney at law, is the honored founder. It was he, with a few other individuals, who in that year conceived the idea of having a club whereat topics of mutual interest might be discussed and a deeper personal fellowship might be developed. The custom spread and by 1910 thirty-five cities had adopted the idea and the name. In that year a club was formed at Winnipeg, Canada, and henceforth the association became international in scope and changed its name to Rotary International. Its symbol is the

cogged wheel with six spokes and 24 cogs. Today the organization is world wide in its scope. It now has branches in some twenty-six countries of the globe, and enrolls a few under 100,000 active members. The budget of income of Rotary International is placed at \$591,299.75 for the year 1923-1924. It is evident from these figures, I am sure, that the organization with which you have affiliated yourselves is one of virility, expansiveness, and power.

While, as stated previously, Rotary has no creed or ritual, it does have certain fundamental principles that determine its character and its purposes. These are seven in number. They are:

First. A unique basis for membership. Rotary conceives of a city as made up of a limited number of distinct businesses and professions. If among these several activities one man is found who is an outstanding man in character, successful achievements, public spirit and altruism that man is potentially a Rotarian and may be elected to membership in the club. Classification or occupation therefore becomes the corner-stone of Rotary. Only one individual from any completely separate and distinct vocation in a given town or city can rightfully be recognized by Rotary. Theoretically, too, as has

been said, the individual chosen is among the most conspicuous and successful representatives of that particular calling. On this foundation you have been chosen.

SECOND. The second fundamental principle of Rotary is compulsory attendance at the weekly luncheon. This, I repeat, is compulsory—except, of course, in unavoidable instances. Not that Rotary aims to make a fetish of the rule. But experience has shown that the individual who is irregular in attendance at stated meetings never really enters into the spirit of any organization of which he is nominally a member. On the contrary, he usually soon gets out of step with his comrades, loses interest in the activities of the club, and not infrequently becomes a real drag and burden to the organization. With regularity of attendance, however (to quote from a recent letter) "hearts grow warm, men reveal their virtues, concerted actions multiply, and achievements in terms of service become the rule of life."

Let me, therefore, repeat the fact: Regularity of attendance at the weekly meeting of the club is a cardinal principle of Rotary.

Third. A third fundamental of Rotary is Intensively Developed Friendships.

Emerson once said: "The only way to have a friend is to be one." Rotary believes this. In consequence, it seeks constantly to develop among its members the spirit of friendship. To this end, it asks every individual in the club to treat all his colleagues as brothers—to greet them (at least within the club circle) by their Christian names or nicknames, to go out of the way (if need be) to show a genuinely fraternal interest in them and their problems, and to multiply acquaintanceship and friendship by sitting at luncheon with different groups of individuals frequently, if not weekly. Rotary believes in love and laughter and life. None of you will ever find the weekly meeting funereal in character; there is no place in it for

The Perils of an Initiation

THEY are not found in the horse-play which precedes the initiation ceremony. In the first place, there is nothing like that connected with a Rotary initiation. But every organization—as well as every business—runs the risk of losing a desirable member or employee because of a failure to make him feel thoroughly at home at the start.

For the organization must sell itself to the prospective member just as much as he must sell himself to the organization. Both organization and individual gain through giving, or lose because of a poor contact point. For this reason it is imperative that the new Rotarian should receive the right sort of welcome—and also that he should know enough of the aims of the organization to enable him to fall into step without loss of time. Soldiers keep step not simply because it looks well—but because experience proves that men can march farther and quicker when they are in step.

This message will enable the new member to adapt himself to Rotary ideas and ideals, and will also serve to remind the older members that they too have an active share in those ideals and a duty to the new member.

pessimistic preachings nor for voicing of dark forebodings. On the other hand, one is likely to hear at the luncheon quips and cracks, personal anecdotes of an amusing sort, funny stories, and ripples and waves of laughter—but with it all is a recognition of the standard of propriety and good taste. No true Rotarian ever voices at the club any thought or sentiment that he would not utter at his own home, around his own table, with his wife and family as listeners. All this is but to say that he believes mutual respect is the basis of comradeship and that "there is no more precious treasure for today, nor higher heritage for the future, than a friend, and that we are helped in our ideals by knowing that our friends believe in us and expect great things of us, and that the hearty handshake, comradeship, and hospitality make directly for intensively developed friendships."

FOURTH. A fourth fundamental of Rotary is stimulation to Personal Growth in one's vocation. To the alert mind, no human contacts are valueless. Whatever be one's position, vocation, education, or experience, he can if he will, add to his knowledge and powers through communion with any and all other human beings. Furthermore, in the realm of morals, by clasping hands with the strong one may himself become stronger. Hence, through the operations of Rotary activities, Rotary expects each member ceaselessly to advance to higher and higher levels of business or professional ideals. To these ends it has formulated a Code of Ethics, the preamble and first four sections of which are as follows:

My business standards shall have in them a note of sympathy for our common humanity. My business dealing, ambitions and relations shall always cause me to take into consideration my highest duties as a member of society. In every position in business life, in every responsibility that comes before me, my chief thought shall be to fill that responsibility and discharge that duty so that when I have ended each of them I shall have lifted the level of human ideals and achievements a little higher than I found it. As a Rotarian it is my duty:

First—To consider my vocation worthy, and as affording me distinct opportunity to serve society.

Second—To improve myself, increase my efficiency and enlarge my service, and by so doing attest my faith in the fundamental principle of Rotary, that he profits most who serves best.

Third—To realize that I am a business man and ambitious to succeed but that I am first

an ethical man, and wish no success that is not founded on the highest justice and morality.

Fourth—To hold that the exchange of my goods, my service and my ideas for profit is legitimate and ethical, provided that all parties in the exchange are benefited thereby.

Fifth. Rotary's fifth principle is that each member shall endeavor, as best he may, to do for the entire craft which he represents what he seeks to do for his own particular business, i. e., to elevate its standard of business or professional practice. Here again a quotation from an official document of Rotary International fits the need. It is:

The Rotarian in the spirit of altruistic service not only engages in those activities which make for the betterment of himself and his business, but he uses his influence to induce higher standards of business among the members of his craft. His obligation to Rotary does not end with purging himself and his business of low ideals and questionable business practices. He must feel a responsibility to use his efforts in establishing laudable motives and honorable business procedure among the members of his craft. To be satisfied with individual rectitude is selfish and static, but to project one's convictions into the ethical code of his competitors in business is Rotary, unselfish and dynamic.

Sixth. The sixth cardinal principle of Rotary is that of promoting civic betterment through public spirited service to community, state, and nation. This principle comprehends no narrow patriotism, limited to the more or less trivial service of casting one's ballot on election day or of lending one's self in a passive way to the support of worthy civic causes. It is positive in its requirements. It expects every Rotary member actively to identify himself with "every community enterprise which has for its ultimate end the amelioration of human suffering, the development of the latent possibilities of commerce and industry, the growth of civic pride, the devotion to law, order, and decency, and the love for spiritual and lasting values of community good will and fellowship." Rotary as an organization seeks never to take concerted responsibility for the promotion of any civic undertaking whatever, but it does believe that its members, imbued with the spirit of service and stimulated and guided by the judgment and convictions of their associates who perchance are in the most advantageous positions to know what is feasible and wise to do, ought and will take their places as responsible leaders, in a personal way, in all worthy public enterprises in which it is possible for them to cooperate.

In short, Rotary expects its members to be good citizens and good citizenship implies patriotism. "The true Rotarian does not consider his place in the life of the community to be either secure or complete unless he in some measure, devotes his talents, great or small, unselfishly to the well being, comfort, and progress of his fellows.

SEVENTH. The seventh principle of Rotary is high ideals and obligation to humanity everywhere. Rotary is not local, or provincial, or even national. It is in name and in fact international in its outlook, purposes, and activities. The very essence of its life is neighborliness—and every man, the wide world over, is today every other man's neighbor. Hence it is that the motto "Service above Self" is as impregnated with the missionary spirit as ever was any religious movement in history. Not only does Rotary seek good things for itself but equally so for all mankind. To read from an important utterance, the ideal is as follows:

In a high and holy sense Rotary is charged with carrying its message of service to the nations of the world. Wherever business flourishes and men live by the sweat of their brow; wherever competition thrives and human beings struggle for survival and supremacy, there is fertile soil for Rotary. There Rotary finds its best expression in stimulating men to strive eternally toward the perfect life. Thus International Rotary will extend to every nation of the world the forms, purposes, and ideals of unselfish service. Rotary finally becomes the application of the fundamental processes of mathematics to practical life, whereby the true Rotarian in unselfish spirit adds to the sum total of human happiness, subtracts from the misery and disappointment of the race, multiplies the good qualities of his competitors in business, and divides his blessings with his fellow men."

In conclusion, therefore, the aim of Rotary may be summarized thus: "To make each member a better man because he is a Rotarian. To help us all to think right, be right, and do right. To make business a pleasure. To make truthfulness and quality the prime elements of business. To boost that which is worthy. To make men love their neighbor even if he is a competitor. To look on the sunny side of life and smile. To supplant sorrow with joy. To seek that which is good in all men. To condemn none unjustly. To put honor before gain. To be considerate of all their opinions. To serve mankind cheerfully, faithfully, honorably and unselfishly."

Rotary Growth

By ALICE WILSON OLDROYD

Let wisdom open wide the door
To Rotary
That we may further still explore
In Rotary,
That we may build within, so well,
The structure we call ethical,
That those, who notice, gladly tell
Of Rotary.

Let daily opportunity
In Rotary,
Be utilized by you and me
For Rotary,
And, as we clasp a fellow's hand,
Remember Rotary's demand,
To live and serve and understand—
That's Rotary.

The Other Fellow

One good deed quietly accomplished does more for your organization than a screaming calliope

By JAMES W. DAVIDSON

I YIELD to no one in my love of Rotary but I believe we should pause occasionally in our praise of our organization and put ourselves in the place of the non-Rotarian and figure out just how we stand in his estimation. If our study brings results in the least uncomplimentary to us, then we should strive to right matters in our community so that Rotary may be better understood and appreciated.

In our fondness for Rotary and our affection for Rotarians, I fear there is danger sometimes of our becoming too exclusive. There is likewise a tendency to boast of our Rotarian deeds to non-Rotarians; in brief, to think too well of our accomplishments.

Let us go back to the beginning of Rotary in a community. A very small group of individuals select the men who constitute the charter members. George Brown is selected, for instance, to fill the classification of Retail Hardware. The newspapers come out and announce the formation of the club and Jones and Smith and Black, all retail hardware men, note from the list of charter members published that they have been placed in the discard. Turned down, not by an outsider, but by a group of their own friends. Now, Jones is a leader in his line, is public spirited and has always tried to serve well his community, and yet he has been passed by. Anyone who has had experience in organizing clubs will know that the chances are that had Jones been approached, it would have required some persuasion to have induced him to join; but nevertheless, after it is all over, it must be a shock to his self esteem, and it would only be natural for him to feel hurt. I am personally always very sorry for the really splendid fellows that cannot get into a club. Now we, of course, would not want to alter the principle that is responsible for this situation, for it is the foundation stone upon which Rotary rests; but we must recognize that the system starts us off in a community with our competitors in some instances none too friendly toward us.

We desire publicity for

our organization, but we suffer sometimes from the kind of publicity that gets into the press about us. This comes generally through the desire of the newspaper men to boost an organization that is so representative in their community. In many cases the material is supplied by officers of the club. One sometimes sees a paragraph devoted to the organization of a club stating that a Rotarian is the leader in the community in his particular business or profession. This is a most unfortunate statement. In the first place, in many cases, Rotarians are not the leading men in their line, therefore, it is not a truthful statement. And even if they were, such a declaration is a challenge to every one of their competitors who will be slow to admit that they are not of equal importance. Yet I have seen just such words in the press, in minstrel show programs and in other literature that reaches the public. "Among the leaders" will explain our objective as to members, just as well, and it can offend no one.

A GAIN, how often one reads some statement emanating from Rotarians to the effect that Rotary is doing a wonderful work in the community, etc., etc.

Then in conversation some non-Rotarian with a desire to compliment us will say, "Rotary is doing a great work, isn't it?" to which the Rotarian promptly replies, "It sure is," with little thought of the impression that such an answer may make on the listener.

While most of this kind of stuff may get by with the majority, it will cause an occasional individual to have a quiet laugh at our expense; and others, less kind, will develop a contempt for us and our pretensions. And, yet, this publicity is all given with the best of intentions. There is merely a lack of understanding of the kind of publicity, both in the newspapers and by word of mouth, that is most desirable.

Rotary ideals are far above the average Rotarian. We would have them high. Our principles are the most exacting of those of the Great Master. We would have them so. But, for the love of Mike, do not let us claim to the world that we live up to our ideals or that we follow those principles. All we do is to *strive* to accomplish that for which Rotary stands. Do let us get that little word of six letters into our Rotary vocabulary. Let us think it, speak it, write it and "try it on the piano." It means modesty and temperance in statement as opposed to boasting and fulsome self-praise. It will win the regard rather than the ridicule or condemnation of those whom we would please in our community.

That "Still, Small Voice."

THIS article, originally issued as a bulletin by District Governor, has attracted considerable attention and seems worth passing on. Jim Davidson has clearly stated the danger of members becoming dazzled by the reflected glory of their organization, of defeating the ends for which the organization strives simply by an indiscriminate praise of the organization itself. Praise of an organization is naturally pleasing to the members, but it is far best that the praise should come from without the membership—that it should be the result of worthy deeds done quietly and without the expectation of any recognition.

There is in the Scriptures a story of the "still, small voice," which was heard despite the roaring of the tempest and the crashing of the thunder. It is with such a voice—low but penetrating and vibrant—that our good deeds bear testimony for us, when we permit. Yet too often that still small voice is temporarily drowned by some member who thinks to glorify his organization by giving it a little extra publicity. Unfortunately the very fact that it is a member who speaks causes the audience to discount the tale of achievement, and may even arouse active hostility rather than the cooperation which is being sought.

This, and similar matters, provide the background which we must all first have in order to secure and retain that proper perspective whereby we hold the confidence and have the cooperation of our neighbor—"the other fellow."

THE extent of damage done in this way varies in different communities, but even in a city which has enjoyed the most intelligent club administration, there is doubtless some unfriendliness. I would not wish to imply that there is any general antipathy toward Rotary in any place; in fact, it is remarkable that there is so little. As time goes on Rotary becomes better and better understood, and in the larger cities the coming in of other classification organizations which have cared for other groups of citizens, has helped matters very considerably.

Still, there is need for constant vigilance that by act or word, we do nothing (Continued on page 53)

Our Right to Our Flag

There is a vast difference between true reverence and gaudy display

By CHARLES HENRY MACKINTOSH

AS I LOOK from my wide west window, on this National Holiday, I see a thousand flags; flying from roof and window all over a square mile or more of massed masonry.

There are flags, too, on the automobiles and trucks that trail through the canyons of commerce, far below; cheaply printed cotton flags crossed on radiator caps, and smaller flags of silk, like dainty pocket-handkerchiefs, pinned against the windows of enclosed cars. Here and there dart boys on bicycles, the wheels of which have had the national colors ingeniously interwoven amongst their spokes. Itinerant peddlers have decorated their push-carts with crinkled *crêpe* dipped in those same sacred colors, symbolic of courage, purity, and devotion.

Standing at my lofty observation-point, watching the play of color, and the spirit of the eager, good-humored holiday-makers, my mind passes from pleasure at the sight to more serious reflections.

It comes to me that once a "holiday" was a Holy Day; that once a Flag was *not* a decoration; and I wonder whether the moving times, the changing manners, harbor good or evil to the stupendous cause which underlies all the commonplaces of our national life.

True, we are lawyers, doctors, merchants, housewives, what we will; but, together, we are a Nation, established upon certain great fundamental principles which are constantly having their time of testing in the fires of fact.

In our daily tasks, our daily pleasures, we have so little time to think upon those fundamentals, that there is always danger lest the spiritual side of our national life may be submerged beneath the practical necessities of living.

True, great events arouse great emotions; but great events come seldom, perhaps but once in a generation; perhaps even less seldom. Can a Nation keep its soul alive on such infrequent sustenance?

But the anniversaries of great events recur constantly; and then it may be possible to arouse, and not perhaps the same high emotion as was created by the original, but, at least, a glowing and rekindling of the coals, to form a fire in which baser passions may receive purification. Such occasions we have.

Americans have their Memorial Day, Flag Day, the birthdays of Washington and of Lincoln: National Holidays

wisely set apart to commemorate the great deeds and the great dead of their Republic. Canadians have their Victoria Day and Dominion Day and the birthday of the Sovereign.

FLAGS; flags everywhere; flags that pass in parade; flags that fly from factories and from stores; flags, thousands of them, fluttering in the hands of children, competing for their favor with toy balloons. By these signs we may know that it is a National Holiday. This we do in honor of our great dead and of their great deeds. In their names, and to their honor, we fly and flutter each his own cheap or costly reproduction of that which symbolizes all to which they gave mind and heart and soul.

Do we honor or dishonor; do we dedicate or desecrate, when we do this thing?

After all, friend, (for I must become personal to make my point) what right have you or I to the Flag? Is it ours, as our pocket-handkerchiefs are ours?

Surely, it belongs to the Nation. And are we not the Nation? In the sense that the Nation is the sum of us all, that is true; but the whole is always greater than the sum of its parts, Euclid of Alexandria to the contrary notwithstanding. The parts of an equilateral triangle are three straight lines of equal length. Apart, they are three straight lines; but together they form a new thing, a definite creation, a perfect triangle.

So, in a Nation, there may be the three straight lines of production, of distribution, and of consumption; common to all

co-ordination of human activity; but when these three are set together to form a new figure, is not that figure, that Nation so formed, incomparably greater than the material things of which it is made?

Deep down in our hearts, when we think of our Nation, we know that we do not think of it in material but in ideal terms. It is something of ourselves, of our highest hopes and noblest aspirations, blended with those of all our brothers to form a mighty spiritual entity.

Here is our Flag; the symbol of that entity. Is it ours; is it yours and mine, to decorate our homes, our cars, our business-places, whether they be push-carts or palaces of trade?

It may be so in common usage, but should it be?

We have given of ourselves to make the entity of which this Flag is the sacred symbol; shall we take back our gifts; shall we use the symbol for our own pleasure, profit, or glory, rather than re-dedicate ourselves, under its flaming folds, to the greater glory of our greater ideals?

LET us have not so many flags; for familiarity always is a breeder of unconcern if not actually of contempt. Let the Flag remain sacred, as a symbol of sacred things; let it not be cheapened and profaned to the ordinary intercourses of life.

Let there be but one Flag to a town, or to a Borough or Ward in our larger cities; a Flag wrought from fine fabrics by loving, loyal fingers; and dedicated in high passion as the outward symbol of a fact and of a faith too great for ordinary comprehension.

Let that Flag fly only upon great occasions, greatly, as befits it. Let there be a staff set apart and dedicated to it in the common center; and there let it be given, on the proper occasions, and with appropriate ceremonies, to the winds of God who gave and will give courage, purity, and devotion to sustain the sublimities which it symbolizes.

So shall the men and women of today—the men and women of tomorrow—recapture the glory of great emotions, recreate the thrill of sublime ideals, relearn the lesson of loyalty and allegiance to that which is greater than themselves, greater even than all, because it sums up in itself the dreams and the devotion of the past; the loyalty of the present; the promise of the future.

President Coolidge to Speak Over the Radio

President Coolidge will deliver a message over the radio from the White House at 4 p. m., February 22, on the eve of Rotary's Nineteenth Anniversary—a message of tribute to the memory of George Washington and in honor, also, of the anniversary of Rotary.

The message will be delivered in the name of Chicago Rotary, and the club will appreciate hearing from those who receive the President's message.

Rotary club officials are being advised of more complete details. Many local broadcasting stations and telephone companies will undoubtedly make arrangements to "pick up" and relay the message.



Some of the beautiful homes fringing the edge of Exhibition Park, Toronto, where the Fifteenth Annual Rotary Convention is to be held June 16th to 20th.



This will be the first Rotary Convention to be held in Canada. Below, in oval—Frank H. Littlefield, President of the Rotary Club of Toronto.



TORONTO—the home city!

There is something about the word *home* that brings a glow to the heart, a warmth to the soul, a feeling of content, of nearness and—may I say dearness?—that no other word in any language seems to develop—to define. Because it is not just a definition in the hard dictionary sense—it is the development of a feeling, a spirit of friendliness.

And when I say to Rotarians throughout the world that Toronto, the Home City, invites you—I have a feeling that I am inviting you, fellow-Rotarian, wherever you are—to your *home*, and

to our *home* in the highest and finest meaning of the word. Rotary at home in the Home City! And Rotarians will be at home while they are with us. That, we believe, is the finest thing we can promise you—and it will be the easiest thing for us to do.

The home life of a people, of a city, is the index of the character of the people and of their city. In this day of standardization, of rapid transit and communication, when the people of the world are constantly weaving back and forth over national boundary lines and into strange lands, hotel life has become a sort of universal thing—standardized with the railroad and the telegraph. It is almost the same wherever you go. The men and women familiar with the vast comfortable buildings with attentive staffs to cater to their needs, know just what they will find in a hotel—in New York, London, Paris, San Francisco, Shanghai—and demand just those things. They are very little different in any country. And the people who go to the hotels belong to the same type. You will find this life in Toronto

The Convention City

By FRANK H. LITTLEFIELD

President, The Rotary Club of Toronto

—and these types. But they don't tell you much of the people of the city—only of the people of the hotels.

When Lloyd George and Mrs. Lloyd George visited America last fall they remarked when embarking for England that their one regret was the fact that they had not seen very much of the homes and the home life of the American people. Already many Rotarians such as Director John Bain Taylor of London, England, Director Charles Rhodes of New Zealand, Past International President Ray Havens and Mrs. Havens, and others, have expressed the desire that they be housed in a Toronto home rather than in one of the hotels.

AND hundreds of citizens have already offered to throw their beautiful homes open to those who prefer the comforts and the association of a good home rather than the noise and the excitement of being housed in a hotel.

We have been told by visitors that the Rotary Club of Toronto is noted for its warm-hearted hospitality. If so, it is but a reflection of the hospitable spirit of

the people and of the home life of the city for the homes of its members await their guests. Toronto knows and understands Rotary. The mayor, the city council, the lieutenant-governor of the province and many organizations have offered their services with a real desire to help and to extend not only a cordial welcome but an example of real Toronto hospitality to the visiting delegates.

Happy will be the lot of the Rotarians attending the convention who find that they are to be entertained in a Toronto home.

Several years before the Great War was even dreamed of two men stood talking in the office

of a prominent attorney located in one of the important cities in the Central States. The lawyer, an elderly man with years of experience, whose practice often led him to the Supreme Court of the United States, looking into the eyes of his friend, said earnestly, "John, I believe you are making a serious mistake. I cannot see how you can afford to give up the good position which you have here to accept the offer of a position in Canada even if your home is to be in a city as fine as you claim Toronto to be. Do you not realize that you are leaving not only your friends but your flag and your country as well—and besides it's British. If you do go I am satisfied that you will be back inside of a year."

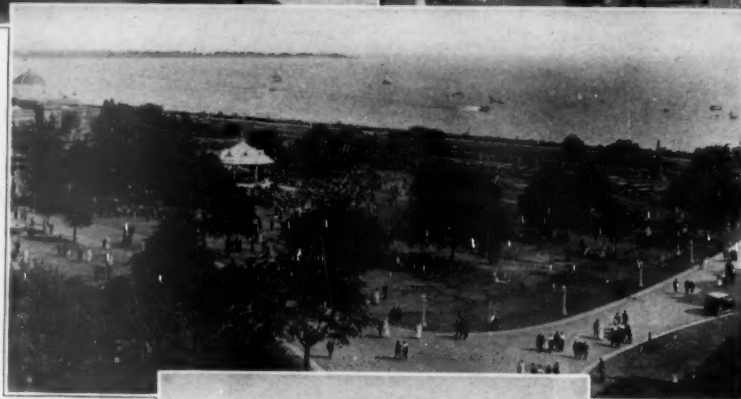
He accepted the offer and moved with his family to Toronto. He did not return to his old home town inside of a year, and although many years have passed since the above incident actually transpired he is still living in the Queen City of Canada, happy in his surroundings, well satisfied with the manner in which he was welcomed to his new home, delighted with the many friendships that



Views in beautiful Exhibition Park, Toronto. From a vantage point at the entrance to the Rotary Convention Hall, we look out



upon these beautiful scenes. The park is located in the home section of Toronto resting on the shores of Lake Ontario.



were soon formed and the way in which they have grown in numbers as the years have gone by, and this article is written for the purpose of informing the readers of THE ROTARIAN just what John did find in the great city of Toronto, and why it was the prediction of the lawyer failed to come true.

HE found that the statement of his friend regarding Toronto being British was true, for Toronto is British—British to the core—but he also found that there need be no apprehension on the part of anyone from this fact, and that being a British citizen meant, primarily, being a good citizen, with a high regard for law and order and a keen sense of justice. He found that the expression "British Justice" was in a very large degree a truism and not idle words. He also found what seemed at first almost a paradox, a strong national spirit of democracy, a nation whose people claimed to have the purest form of democratic government, a democracy within a democratic empire in which the will of the people is supreme. He found in Toronto, as in practically all the Canadian municipalities, politics and political party lines are largely disregarded in civic elections; candidates for office asking for support because of merit or service rendered, or because of some special service which they may render, and not because they belong to a particular political party.

Having two children still in school, John was naturally anxious to find out something about the educational facilities of his new home, and was gratified

to find that the school system of Toronto is equal to that of any city on the continent, consisting at the present time of one hundred and two public schools, thirty-five separate schools, and twelve high schools, the total investment in school property in the city amounting to more than twenty-two million dollars. He later discovered that technical education was being given very special attention and that ten thousand pupils were receiving education along technical lines in buildings and equipment second to none in America, the Central Technical School occupying a square block built at a cost of two-and-a-half-million dollars—a veritable hive of industry. The writer of this article recently spent two hours in this school, visiting only a small percentage of the rooms, but after watching the pupils construct and put together

real watches, make pottery of all description, lay bricks, cast metals, build electric-light systems, tear down and put together real automobiles, saw classes in sculpture, painting, designing of wall-paper, magazine covers, etc., he left the school house very reluctantly and when bidding the superintendent Dr. MacKay, good-bye said, enthusiastically, "Doctor, it's a wonder palace!" The Central Technical School contains an auditorium seating fourteen hundred, equipped with a splendid pipe organ. The auditorium has been offered the Rotary Club for use during the convention and no doubt many Rotarians who are interested in technical education will be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting this wonderful school.

JOHN also found that there would be no need of sending his children away from home to finish their education, as the University of Toronto, with more than five thousand students enrolled annually, occupies a front rank with all English or American colleges. The University, consisting of many splendid buildings occupying spacious grounds, sent overseas during the Great War two thousand and sixty-six volunteer students, many of whom made the supreme sacrifice for honor and country. One building of the University perhaps deserves special mention—Hart House—built as a memorial building and considered the finest recreational building for students in the world—a magnificent structure containing swimming-pool, gymnasium, library, reading-rooms, theatre, dining-rooms

(Continued on page 43)

The Blind Children's Nursery

*The story of twenty-one years of effort
to bring light into darkened lives*

By GEORGE E. TUCKER

SOME fifty years ago, two girl babies were born, endowed with those attributes that are common to babies free from the stigma of genius.

To those who cuddled and loved them, as babies are ever cuddled and loved, their attractive helplessness was merely that of normal, healthy infancy. To all outward appearances they started on the long journey of life on an equality with hundreds of thousands of other girl babies embarking on the same journey.

The world which their baby eyes looked out upon so trustingly, however, betrayed that trust. Fortune, which might have been their indulgent God-mother, turned over these young charges to her gloomy sister, Misfortune. Sensations of comfort and pleasure were replaced by sensations of discomfort and pain. Across the pathway of these two young lives there fell an irremovable shadow, and this shadow was literal, as well as figurative. These babies were deprived of that most important of human senses, the sense of sight. To soften the blow of total blindness there was only the fact that their misfortune occurred so early in life that it was brought home to them more from what others said about their affliction than from what they themselves experienced. Their childish world became a world of darkness rather than of light. The experience of living was transmitted to them through their remaining senses.

The blow of blindness was further softened in some measure by circumstances that made it possible for them to have reasonably good educational advantages, offered by an institution for the blind. And since they were blessed with a resolute cheerfulness, indomitable courage, and powers of concentration so often characteristic of the blind, they set themselves optimistically to the task of making the world a happier place for themselves and for others.

Between these two girls, as they passed from girlhood into womanhood, there developed friendship made deeper and more significant because it served

as a mental and spiritual light in a world of continuous darkness, restricted movements, and a shut-in existence.

In October, 1893, a nursery for blind children was established at Hartford, Connecticut, and later removed to Farmington, and these two girls, now mature women, were placed in charge of the newly organized home. Working in perfect harmony and with efficient precision, they set themselves happily and eagerly to the task of making it possible for children who had been afflicted as they were with loss of vision, to enjoy the full measure of motherly care and educational advantages which was within their power to give.

Back of their resolve was an abundance of love for their work and faith in their ability to do it well. Back of the patient tireless application of their trained faculties, was the inspiration of the Golden Rule, the amplification of which they accepted as completely and whole-heartedly as should every Rotarian who subscribes to those principles for which Rotary stands. And the hopes which inspired them in their undertaking have been abundantly realized as evidenced by the fact that in twenty-nine years they have successfully mothered and guided the mental, moral, and spiritual development of seventy-four blind children.

It would ordinarily be considered no small achievement for two normal

mothers to have reared a total of seventy-four children. Consider then the magnitude of the accomplishment of these two blind women who have gratefully lavished their affection, as well as their intellectual powers upon the task of enriching and developing the young lives committed to their care.

ABOUT two years ago, several Hartford Rotarians interested themselves, individually, in the twelve blind children then being cared for in this nursery, and very shortly afterward, the Hartford Rotary Club as a unit, likewise became interested—interested in the history of the institution, interested in the ideas and ideals of the two mothers, interested in what was being done and how it was being done, interested in learning whether additional things might be done to add to the comfort, happiness, and opportunities of the twelve little charges. This interest became very real and human.

Out of that multifold interest grew, as was inevitable, a sympathy which called for expression in practical ways. Blindness in itself should surely prompt such sympathy. Blindness and youth, coupled with the life history of the two faithful foster mothers, inspired the whole-hearted cooperation of the Hartford Rotary Club members.

On November 7th, 1921, the twelve sightless children were made guests of honor at a Rotary Club luncheon held in the Bond Hotel in Hartford. Out of the pity first inspired by these young guests there grew a feeling of admiration, for in these strange surroundings the children gave a touching demonstration of an ability to be genuinely happy in spite of the misfortune which might well have clouded their pleasure. Although no one of the children had fully experienced the countless blessings that come from the sense of sight, they found many ways to express their joy at being able to visit a large hotel, at being a part of a social occasion unlike anything they had known in the past. There was evidence of a real "thrill" when (Cont'd on page 50)

The Story of Two Women

SOMETIMES the blind see things more clearly than do those whose physical sight is considered perfect. This story of the Farmington Nursery for Blind Babies offers an interesting example of spiritual sight which more than offsets the physical handicap. It is the story of two women, both born blind, of the friendship which they formed, and of the seventy-two babies who were helped through the trials of childhood by those who could readily sympathize with them and most intelligently help them. Had any two normal women accomplished as much in twenty-one years as these two blind women have done, it would have been a matter for congratulation. Under the circumstances it is also a matter for wonder, not the astonishment which comes of seeing such exceptionally fine work done by those working under a handicap, but rather astonishment that we should ourselves have been unable to see the great possibilities revealed by this work in making those who start life as liabilities into real positive assets. It is with this new appreciation that the Rotary Club of Hartford, Conn., has been enabled to serve these children by furthering the work of these two women.



Prosperity

THERE is an old notion, born of a perverted Puritanism, which looked upon all happiness as evil and held that prosperity was a gross, materialistic goal for any nation or individual. Prosperity might come and welcome; but to seek it as an end was to put humanity on a dollar-and-cents basis.

That day has passed. Even our staunch old progenitors declared in the Westminster Catechism that "man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever." They recognized the part joy plays in life and doubtless they knew that joy is not an easy achievement when the tides of success are running in the wrong direction.

Rotary believes in prosperity. It believes in it as a chief goal for the business world. When its motto talks of profits it implies that fact. It demands prosperity of its members, declaring that the men it wants are the leaders in the various lines of community activity; in other words, it wants those who are making good—another term for prosperity.

But where Rotary makes a clear distinction is in the meaning of prosperity. It does not believe that prosperity is an individual concern. To make a man prosperous he must assist in making those about him more successful. The old saint who declared he would rather go to the pit with his friends than reach heaven all alone had the kernel of truth in his heart. It would be impossible to attain to a heaven on high or a heaven on earth without company; and nobody can win a satisfying success individually. The hero of Pilgrim's Progress found his journey quite impossible without a comrade at every stage of the way.

Man is a social animal and any attempt to win success alone is unsocial and inhuman. And that is why Rotary emphasizes service. For service is nothing more than sharing the road to prosperity with others. A traveler along that road who has found the going good must tell his friends, who are stumbling along in the ruts, where the pavement is smooth. He must shoulder his share of the burdens and a little more. He must shout encouragement to weaker comrades. He must clear away the stumbling blocks, not by shoving them in front of others, but by ridding the highway of them altogether.

And that is service. Giving contributions to charities is a part of the story but not the biggest part. The real service is in the attitude towards business and life. Success is not for the individual but for the group. It is not success if it pushes a single soul

downward. It must lift the general average. It shares profits fairly, gives time freely, deals with men honestly. It strives to win the victories of life but it never spikes a rival when the umpire isn't looking. Indeed, it tries to put the rival on a similar plane and seeks a mutual success.

Such service is the true road towards prosperity. It creates few Hugo Stinneses who impoverish a nation to get power and pelf. But it adds greatly to the wealth of humanity in happiness—which, after all, is the earthly goal of all men. And the man who goes out for prosperity with such a spirit, with the open hand and the kindly, honest heart, "will doubtless come again with rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him."

Worry is Wicked

And this was written over his mantel: *I am an old man and have had many troubles but most of them never happened.*

THIS sentence for many weeks was published at the head of the editorial column of a leading Boston newspaper some years ago.

The curse of human life is worry. Worry kills; worry breeds trouble; worry darkens life with its blanket of gloom—and yet most of its presentiments are false. It creates ghosts and shivers at their presence.

There is a definition of a pessimist that deserves immortality: "A pessimist is a man in a dark room looking for a black hat that isn't there." Worry is as useless ninety-nine per cent of the time as it was on the part of the little girl who explained her tears by saying, "I was thinking how terrible it would be if I grew up and had a little girl and she fell down stairs and broke her leg."

Forethought is sane; worry is insane. One should prepare for eventualities but live in a spirit of hopefulness. Worry is unethical; but forethought is an essential of civilization.

Glenn Frank, in an editorial in the *Century Magazine*, asserts that the trouble with the world today is a combination of fears that are causing humanity to tremble. Perhaps Rotary can help to dissipate those fears by pointing out that they are largely chimeras. Rotary can point out the inefficiency of worry, its threat to better business, its tendency to concentrate one's thought upon one's self and one's concerns instead of upon the needs of others. If the Rotary code of kindness and brotherhood can permeate life, the path of the future may become "as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Can War Be Prevented?

A Review of an Important Book of the Month

By MILES H. KRUMBINE

THE subject of this very brilliantly written book by Mr. Kirby Page, "War—Its Causes, Consequences and Cure," is rapidly becoming the foremost topic of thought for the serious-minded young man and woman. War has undoubtedly become "the most crucial social issue of our day," as Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick so pointedly says in the introduction to the book. It is, to continue with Fosdick, "the most colossal and ruinous social sin that afflicts mankind today. . . . It has now become not only futile but suicidal." Mr. Page in this book puts before us the total issue that the further promotion of war presents to civilization. He puts it with an array of facts and arguments that are difficult to set aside, that can hardly be ignored.

The book begins with a very scholarly analysis of the aims and motives that prompted the nations to fight the World War. The writer takes the position that Germany was guilty but emphatically insists that she does not bear the sole guilt of the Great War. This is a direct thrust at the position of the Treaty of Versailles which is backed up by such telling evidence that it compels very serious attention. The World War was fought for five reasons, chiefly, viz:

(1) Economic Imperialism.

(2) Militarism. It is interesting to note under this head one or two quotations that Mr. Page has included from such responsible persons as, for instance, Lord Fisher: "Perhaps I went a little too far when I said (at The Hague Conference of 1899) I would boil the prisoners in oil and murder the innocent in cold blood, . . . but it's quite silly not to make war damnable to the whole mass of your enemy's population. . . . When war does come 'Might Is Right!'" Lloyd George back in 1908 in an address at Queen's Hall, said quite emphatically of the race in naval armaments: "We started it; it is not they (Germany) who have started it."

(3) Alliances.

(4) Secret Diplomacy. Under this head one comes upon the startling fact that in practically every chancellery in Europe, engagements were being entered upon which were certain to involve their nations in war of which not only did the nation not know but not even the members of the Parliament and very frequently not the members of the Cabinet, except those immediately in the secret. "Commitments fraught with such

agony for mankind" were entered upon without the slightest hesitation.

(5) Fear. Mr. Gerard, former American Ambassador to Germany, has said: "To the outsider, the Germans seem a fierce and martial people. But, in reality, the mass of the Germans, in consenting to the great sacrifice entailed by their enormous preparations for war, have been actuated by fear."

If any one is laboring under any further delusions about the beneficent effect of war, let him read the second chapter of this book. Under its title, "What Did the World War Accomplish?" fact follows fact in such a way as to leave one utterly and completely disillusioned and to make one feel angrily disgusted with the utter stupidity of war-makers and the miserable depravity of the whole war business. One summary sentence: "The Great War cost twenty-six million lives, three hundred and thirty-seven billion dollars, the moral deterioration of whole nations, spiritual tragedies beyond computation, and the sowing of the seeds of future wars."

In undertaking to deal with the difficult question, "How can future wars be prevented?" the author immediately ad-

mits that, "War cannot be abolished without the payment of a great price. One of the elements of this cost is the willingness of Governments to refrain from using national armies, navies, and diplomatic influence to aid their citizens in gaining or maintaining economic concessions or other financial advantages in foreign countries. War is likely to break out at any time so long as present practices in this regard are continued." That this practice, so prolific of past wars, has now become an important issue in American national policy is clearly set forth. "Prior to 1918 the United States played a minor role in the struggle for territory, concessions, and markets. It was a debtor nation, the amount of foreign capital invested in America being far in excess of the amount of American capital invested abroad."

"The World War, however, has changed all this. America is now the great creditor nation, international banker, and money lender, and is inextricably bound up with the economic and financial problems of the whole world." Moreover, the so-called Chester concession "is as orthodox a forward step in imperialism as could be conceived."

MR. PAGE'S solution for the difficult matter of economic imperialism is that the peoples of the earth formulate a plan of international control of raw materials not unlike the measures adopted by the Allies during the war. The mad scramble for the monopoly in raw materials destroys all hope of permanent peace. Disarmament, the abolition of secret diplomacy, and the establishment of international processes of justice familiarly known to us as the Program for the Outlawry of War, the World Court, and the League of Nations are dealt with in a masterly and comprehensive fashion. Of the League of Nations, Mr. Page quite frankly says four steps are imperative if the League is to function effectively: (1) The inclusion of all nations in its membership, with Germany and Russia assured an equal place with the Allied powers. (2) Less domination by the leaders of two or three great nations and an increasing degree of democratic control. (3) The outlawry of war and the demobilization of huge armies. (4) The willingness of the nations to strengthen greatly the powers of the League and to abide by its decisions.

In the last chapter the very pertinent question, "What (Continued on page 52)

WAR—It is the most frequent topic of conversation and the one subject to which serious-minded men and women are giving attention. Can wars be prevented? Can they be stopped by treaties? Or an association of nations to which all nations of the world subscribe? Or will the causes first have to be removed—causes such as distrust, hate, jealousy, fear, etc? Mr. Kirby Page has written a book dealing with "War—Its Causes, Consequences, and Cure." It is one of the important books of the month and Miles H. Krumbine, sociologist, a prominent pastor, and a member of the Rotary Club of Dayton, Ohio, has reviewed this book for us this month. Other book reviews are printed on the next page in our regular department of "Comment About Books."



COMMENT ABOUT BOOKS



Books for Boys

THE Free Library of Wilmington, Delaware, recently compiled a list of books for boys. It was printed by the Rotary club and distributed throughout the community. "This is not a list of ought-to-be-read books," the introduction says, "although there are many such in the list. Nor does it aim to be comprehensive. It simply names a few good, wholesome books that most boys enjoy reading."

The compilation is far above the average of such lists of books for boys, so we are going to give it in full, just as the Wilmington Rotary club sent it out:

ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER - - Twain
BARNABY RAE - - - - - Bennett
A thrilling story of an encounter with pirates.

BLACK ARROW - - - - - Stevenson
Story of an outlaw band in England, by the author of "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped."

BLACK BUCCANEER - - - - - Meader
Jeremy Swan is captured and escapes from a band of pirates.

BOB, SON OF BATTLE - - - - - Ollivant
One of the best dog stories ever written.

BOYS' KING ARTHUR, edited by Sidney Lanier - - - - - Malory
A story that never grows old, all about King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, their tournaments and quests.

BOYS' LIFE OF MARK TWAIN - - - Paine

BOYS' LIFE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT - - - Hagedorn

BOYS' RIDE - - - - - Zollinger
In the evil days of King John, a boy risks his life to save that of another and has numerous adventures on the broad highway to London town.

BUFFALO BILL AND THE OVERLAND TRAIL - - - Sabin
Good story of adventure during the days of the Overland trail.

THE CALL OF THE WILD - - - London
Story of a wonderful dog of the Klondike country.

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS - - - Kipling
A spoiled rich boy falls overboard from an Atlantic liner, is picked up by fishermen bound for a season's catch off the coast of Newfoundland, and is put to work.

CASTAWAY ISLAND - - - - - Newberry
Good modern shipwreck tale.

HIGH ADVENTURE - - - - - Hall
Air fighting in France told by a member of the famous Lafayette Escadrille.

HIGH BENTON - - - - - Heyliger
How a boy wanted to leave school but changed his mind.

JIM DAVIS - - - - - Masfield
A story of the Devonshire coast; smugglers, pursuits by land and battles by sea.

JUNGLE BOOK - - - - - Kipling
Short stories about Mowgli and the wolves and other beasts of the Indian jungle.

LAD, A DOG - - - - - Terhune

LANCE OF KANANA - - (H. W.) French
Kanana, the brave Bedouin boy, saves Arabia from her enemies.

LAST OF THE MOHICANS - - - Cooper
One of the best Indian stories.

LOST INDIAN MAGIC - - - - - Moon
In this story of the Indians before the coming of the white man, the hero goes to the tribe of his enemies to discover the lost magic.

THE MARK OF THE KNIFE - - - - - Ernst
Good football story with a mystery to be solved.

MEN OF IRON - - - - - Pyle
A romance of the days when knights were bold.

MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD - Pyle
Story of the outlaw band that roamed Sherwood forest.

THE MUTINEERS - - - - - Hawes
A stirring tale of adventure.

MYSTERIOUS ISLAND - - - - - Verne

ON THE EDGE OF THE WILDERNESS - Eaton
Well-told stories of wild animals.

ROBINSON CRUSOE - - - - - Defoe

SCOTT BURTON, FORESTER - - - Cheyney
After finishing a course in forestry at the University of Minnesota, Scott Burton has plenty of adventure in forest camp.

SHASTA OF THE WOLVES - - - Baker
Story of an Indian child, left to die in the forest, who is found and protected by a mother wolf.

SOLDIER RIGDALE - - - - - Dix
How he sailed in the Mayflower and how he served Miles Standish.

STORY OF A BAD BOY - - - - - Aldrich
Mischievous adventures of Tom Bailey and his chums in a New England town.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS - - - - - Dumas
Adventures of the famous soldiers whose slogan was "All for one—one for all."

TOBY TYLER - - - - - Otis
A good circus story.

WILD BROTHER - - - - - Underwood
True story of a bear.

WITH THE INDIANS IN THE ROCKIES Schultz
The adventures of a white boy and an Indian boy after their capture by hostile Indians.

Talks for High School Boys: By John M. Holmes. Macmillan Company, New York City; 162 pages.

The various Rotary club boys' work committees as well as those Rotarians who are interested in the back-to-school movement and who have occasion to address high-school students, will be very much interested in a little volume written by John M. Holmes, a member of the Rotary Club of Greenville, South Carolina. The book consists of some thirty-three short talks on such subjects as "The Bent Twig," "The Unknown Heroes of Everyday Life," "How Much Is Your Word Worth?" "Girls," "Men Wanted," etc. The talks have all been tried out and after editing retired at high schools, chapel services, camp fires, Rotary boys' meetings, or Hi-Y clubs. Each talk is based on a drawing or a concrete object for purposes of concentration as well as illustration. The illustrations

which head each talk in the book were made by high-school boys of Greenville. Workers with boys will find here many suggestions and outlines that they can adapt and modify to their own use.

Woodrow Wilson's Case for the League of Nations: Compiled with Mr. Wilson's approval by Hamilton Foley, Princeton University Press, Princeton New Jersey; 271 pages.

In this compact little volume have been collected a few addresses and papers of Woodrow Wilson as they have a bearing on the League of Nations. Whatever may be Mr. Wilson's final niche in history, we cannot escape the fact that whether the influence of the League of Nations has been great or small in shaping world affairs, the League and the policies formulated by Mr. Wilson have had a tremendous influence in compelling people all over the world, and particularly in the English-speaking world, to the giving of more thought to the problems of world relations, especially as they affect world peace. In this volume Mr. Foley has included full and comprehensive statements by Mr. Wilson on "The World War," "The Treaty of Versailles," "The League of Nations," "America and World Problems," and in the Appendices to the book have been added Mr. Wilson's address before the Paris Peace Conference, opening the discussion as to the League of Nations, and his address explaining the covenant. Included in the volume is a complete list of the official advisers to Mr. Wilson in Paris; cablegrams are quoted from William H. Taft and Elihu Root suggesting changes in the covenant; there is an interpretation of Article X; and the covenant of the League of Nations is printed in full.

Ulster in the X-Rays; By James Logan, M.A., F.R.G.S. Arthur H. Stockwell, London, Eng.; 188 pages.

This volume, recently issued by the Arthur H. Stockwell Company of London, presents a "review of the real Ulster, its people, pursuits, principles, poetry, dialect, and humor." Some of the nineteen chapters include "A Little Bit of History," "The Ulsterman," "The Belfast Man," "Dublin v. Belfast," "Education," "Religion," "Facts and Figures," etc. These chapters will give an idea of the scope of the volume and the author has enlivened his pages with much Irish wit. Probably one of the most interest-

(Continued on page 43)



HERE you can walk over to Main Street, drop in at the sign of the Rotary flag, get your guest's badge, and make yourself at home! The fellows are always glad to see you and to learn what your club is doing, and while you bend elbows over the luncheon table they will tell you about the best club in the best town in the best country in the World!

International Atmosphere Permeates Boys' Parade

TIENTSIN, CHINA.—Some 900 boys participated in the international parade which marked the culmination of "Father and Son Week" in Tientsin. The parade, which attracted considerable public interest, was reviewed by General Connor at Exhibition Hall. When the 800 Chinese boys and 100 foreign boys entered they were greeted by lively music supplied by the Boys Band, the Scout Band, and the 15th Infantry Band. After the review, the fathers and sons went to inspect the boys' hobby exhibition, at which prizes were presented by General Connor. The parade was preceded by a "tiffin," at which there were several worth-while speeches made by various parents and sons and which was also enlivened by some fine radio music. Other features of the week's celebration were special sermons in the churches and addresses in the schools. The Rotary Club of Tientsin is much pleased with the success of the celebration which it sponsored.

Inauguration Speeches Delivered in Four Languages

MILAN, ITALY.—Centuries ago the Italian missionaries started westward with their message. Now the message of Rotary goes eastward to complete the cycle. The charter meeting of the Milan Club, the first club in Italy, was truly cosmopolitan, and the inaugural speeches were delivered in four languages. The Milan charter membership represents some of the best brains in the city and it is the local opinion that this new club will succeed when it gets into its stride. At the charter meeting, Fred W. Teele represented Rotary International, G. H. Roos the United States; F. L. Pitman and Arthur H. Barrett, England; C. Carandini, Spain; and Marcel Franck, France.

After the lunch the party motored to the Caproni aeroplane works, where they observed the construction of huge three-engine aeroplanes, ordered by the Italian government. One of these planes piloted by a flying officer, illustrated its possibilities in a series of thrilling stunts. Inci-

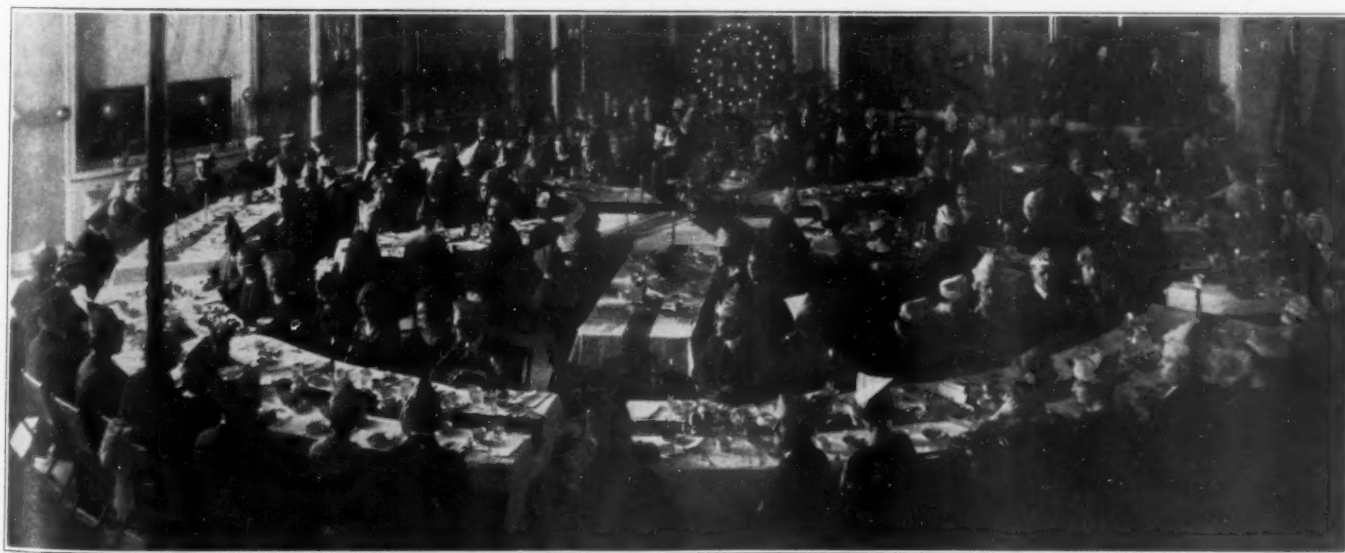
dentally, the son of the elder Caproni is a member of the Milan Rotary Club. He is one of the most representative and enterprising business men of the younger generation of Italy.

After a substantial tea, the Rotarians returned to Milan for the evening meeting. The British and American consuls had accepted invitations to this meeting and all were pleased by the program.

As a suitable finish to such a good day, the party witnessed the performance of "Aida" at the Scala Opera House.

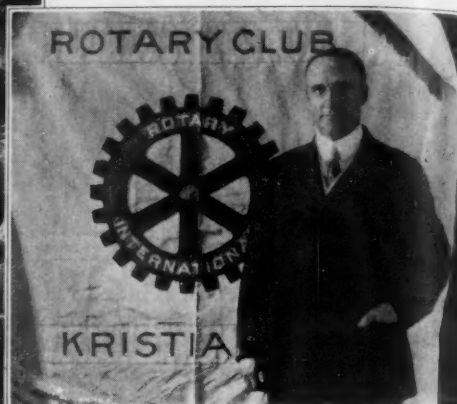
Offer Help in Fight Against Tuberculosis

EL PASO, TEXAS.—It started with a letter from a Chicago Rotarian advising the El Paso club that a friend of his was obliged to go West in search of health and asking the El Paso Rotarians to do what they could to encourage him in his fight against the White Plague. Then El Paso Rotarians decided that here was a field for service. Then 1,057 letters went out from El Paso to Rotary in the eastern and northern United States an-



A clever arrangement of the tables gave a distinctive touch to the luncheon room of Lancaster, Ohio, Rotary which was appreciated by those who attended a recent "ladies night" meeting. The tables were arranged in the form of a Rotary wheel, the outer tables curved, and the inner tables forming the spokes, each table outlined on the rim by blue candles in glass candlesticks. A large blue and gold Rotary wheel, skilfully illuminated, occupied one corner of the room, while diminutive wheels were etched on the small side-light shades. Colored balloons and palms were used to decorate the walls and the stage respectively. There were the usual good things and also, apparently, some peculiar ingredients in the chocolates and the ice-cream, which gave these delicacies an unusual flavor.

Incidentally, it was noted that the stunt committee did not partake of these dishes.



Fred Teele, Special Commissioner for Rotary in Europe, is shown here standing beside the Rotary flag of the Christiania Club. Rotary clubs have recently been organized by Commissioner Teele at Toulouse and Lyon, France, and Milan, Italy.

nouncing that El Paso was willing and anxious to lend a hand in such cases.

The answers are just beginning to come in. Already five cases have been reported—and five men who were making a lone stand have discovered a throng of allies. Undoubtedly there will be more—and still more—as Rotarians awaken to the possibilities of the idea. Often a little friendly encouragement is better than much medicine—and that is what the El Paso Rotarians are furnishing—that together with such other help as they can provide.

So if you know of anyone whom the doctors have ordered West—anyone who would be glad of a friendly hand while he is groping his way back to health—remember that El Paso Rotary is looking for the chance to serve.

Sunshine Committee Makes Christmas Trees Grow

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—For a number of years, Indianapolis Rotarians have raised a goodly sum to bring cheer into the lives of children and have sought to discover such children as would otherwise remain unnoticed during the Christmas season. First the Sunshine Committee of the club found thirty children whose Christmas would be spent in the Detention Home connected with the Juvenile Court. A phonograph with records, a tree, and suitable presents, helped to give the Home its first official Christmas. At the Deaf and Dumb School last year the committee found several children who could not go home for Christmas because they had no money for railroad fares. When that obstacle had been overcome the committee discovered that the Family Welfare Society had 167 children placed out in homes—and saw that each of these children received a present. The Society also furnished a selected list of 100 chil-

These groups, taken after 9 p. m., show some of the eighty Christiania Rotarians and guests who enjoyed a fjord trip arranged by Rotarian Andersen. Rotarian Charles C. Eberhardt and Alban C. Snyder of the American consular service, were present. Fireworks, radio, and campfire fun kept the crowd happy.



dren who were also remembered. The Public Health Association gave a list of 100 children who had been given attention by its nurses. Then came the colored children at the Flanner House, while at the County Infirmary 197 men enjoyed their first Christmas tree in the home. One Rotarian furnished a tree and presents for the girls in the Florence Crittendon Home. Besides this, the coal representative in the club donated five tons of coal for the use of deserving families. Altogether the committee asked for \$555 and received the full amount. In addition, there was an appropriation of \$700 for boys' welfare work, which was chiefly used for the Orphans' Home.

Funny what a lot of things one can see in the sunlight—without dark glasses—isn't it?

Best Boy's Week Ever Held in New Zealand

AUCKLAND, N. Z.—Although a full report has not yet been received we understand that the Auckland club is happy over the great success of its Boy's Week program. Special services in every church—regardless of its creed—addresses by Rotarians and others delivered

in more than 70 schools—fine publicity given by the local press—are indicated by the advance information as a few of the features of this program. New Zealand Rotary also scored when Past President Alex Roberts was appointed Commissioner for New Zealand for the British Empire Exhibition, and he has already expressed his intention of visiting as many clubs as possible during his term of office. On top of that comes the news that Rotarian Denys Hoare has been appointed secretary for the Exhibition. In other words, Rotarians fill two out of three important posts for this Exhibition in spite of keen competition.

Nurserymen Adopt a Code of Ethics

ESTEVAN, SASK.—T. A. (Torge) Torgeson, president of the Estevan Saskatchewan Rotary Club and also president of the Northern Retail Nurserymen's Association comprising all the chief nurseries of Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Western Canada, in his presidential address at their convention held in St. Paul in December, stressed the importance of the adoption of a code of ethics. This

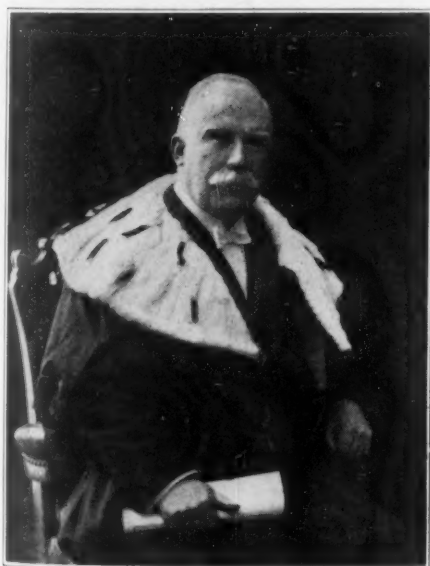
was followed by the passing of a resolution fathered by Rotarian D. N. Mitchel of Owatonna, Minn., and Rotarian Ernest Hillborn of Valley City, N. D. An executive committee, under the chairmanship of Rotarian E. M. Sherman of Charles City, Ia., prepared a code of ethics using the Rotary Code as a model, and this was unanimously adopted when presented to the convention.

Governor Davidson says: "This is interesting evidence of the fact that in practically every trade association there is a sufficient number of Rotarians to bring about the adoption of a code of ethics if the association does not already possess one. If Rotarians attending these conventions will only organize for this purpose there will be no difficulty in accomplishing this very worthy task."

Celebrate Holidays By Raising \$50,000 for Charity

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—The local club on Dec. 14th decided to celebrate the holiday season by properly equipping its charity fund. At present, the club is concentrating its activity upon the Community settlement house, which has a boys' gymnasium in connection with it. At the Settlement House clinic an average of 265 persons receive expert medical and surgical treatment each month. The house is located in an industrial section where people of many nationalities are crowded together.

Within a few minutes the club members subscribed \$46,000 and as responses were received from those who were not



William Lowrie Sleigh, D. L., J. P., the new Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Scotland, was third president of Edinburgh Rotary and was prominent in the club's war work during 1914-15. He was chairman of a recruiting committee organized by the Rotary Club which raised and completely equipped a bantam battalion, the 17th Royal Scots. He was elected a Town Councillor in 1915 and shortly afterwards became Convener of the Tramways Committee. Two years ago he was made a Bailie or Alderman and last December was unanimously elected to the highest office that the municipality of Edinburgh can bestow.



Each of these men has been in turn the governor of what is now the Eleventh District of Rotary. This picture was taken at the district conference held at Davenport, Iowa, last spring, when for the first time at a conference of this district all past governors were present. They are, standing, left to right: Amos E. Ayres, Sioux Falls, S. D.; William Coppock, Council Bluffs, Ia., former director of Rotary International (recently deceased); and Fred L. Northey, Waterloo, Ia. Sitting, left to right: Orville J. Fee, Lincoln, Nebr.; Charles Strader, Lincoln, Nebr.; Luther A. Brewer, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; John O. Knutson, Sioux City, Ia.; and Paul Rankin, formerly of Dubuque, Ia., but now of Chicago where he is first assistant secretary at Rotary International Headquarters.

at the meeting the total reached over \$50,000. Approximately 230 members at the meeting subscribed \$200 each. As the club already had approximately \$28,000 in Settlement House property investment and interest bearing bonds, it starts the new year with very close to \$80,000. In addition, \$500 was subscribed at the meeting on the 14th, besides a truck load of clothing, candy, fruit, etc., all of which went to the Settlement House Christmas celebration. Over 700 stockings, each containing just what was hoped for, were given to as many children. It was the merriest Christmas Los Angeles Rotary and the Settlement House ever enjoyed.

"How Far That Little Candle Throws Its Beams"

SAPULPA, OKLA.—On Dec. 31st the local club celebrated its sixth anniversary. Some 200 Rotarians, their wives and families gathered for the chicken dinner and special program. Six Rotarians gave addresses while the room was enshrouded in darkness, said to represent the darkness in which the town existed until a new spirit had been awakened. Each man chronicled the history of a certain year and as he finished his talk he lit a candle, emblematic of the light brought by the spirit of service. Also at the close of each talk the club joined in the singing of a song which had been the feature song of that particular year—

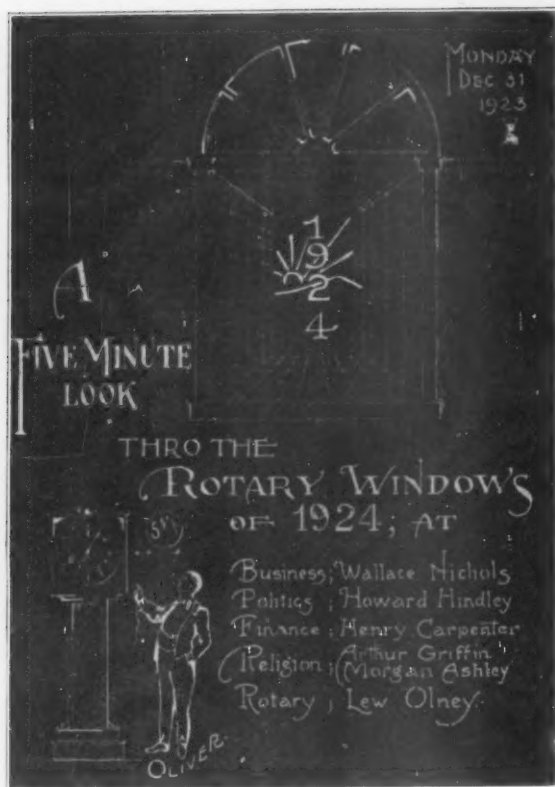
and Sapulpa Rotarians are known throughout the Seventeenth District as a singing club. A large birthday cake with six candles on its top was presented to the club president.

A Footnote to "The Christmas Carol"

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A check for \$5,000, the contribution of the Washington Rotary club to the Children's hospital, was presented to Dr. S. S. Adams, secretary of the hospital board by Arthur D. Marks at a recent Rotary luncheon. The amount represented the Christmas present of the Rotary club to the children of the capital. President Marks stated that it was the intention of the club to donate a similar or larger amount to other local causes in future years.

This "Ladies' Night" Program Was Different

VINELAND, N. J.—The local Rotarians gave a real surprise party during the holiday season. The club had the regular dinner and then formally received Santa Claus and about 50 "ladies." These "ladies" were little girls, eight to twelve year old, the majority of whom had lost one parent; a few had lost both father and mother. Each girl was promptly lifted into the lap of some Rotarian, and what between ice cream, cake, songs, and laughter it was a merry scene. Then the



The Rutland, Vt., Rotary Club brought the year 1923 to a successful conclusion at a final meeting held on the last day of the year. The program, arranged by Carl B. Kinsman, chairman of the entertainment committee was announced by an artistic blue print entitled, "Through Rotary Windows of 1924" and contained the list of five-minute speakers, including Wallace Nichols who discussed Business; Howard Hindley who spoke on Politics; Henry Carpenter, who talked of Finance; the Revs. Arthur Griffin and Morgan Ashley (the "Heavenly Twins") who had something to say about Religion; and Past-President Lew Olney who made some remarks on Rotary. The curtain of 1923 fell with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and "America."

children were led downstairs where they found a big Christmas tree, a whole wagon load of neatly dressed dolls, and other things appropriate to such a party. Everybody got a present—only those which the Rotarians received were specially selected in accordance with the character of the recipient—and were intended to develop that character or change it very considerably as seemed best. It was a real party, and all those who participated are looking forward to another.

Canadian Club Has Busy Year

LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.—The principal summer activity of the local club was the boys' camp conducted at Lea Lake, ninety miles west of the city. The boys were motored out in two divisions, junior and senior. Each of these groups of underprivileged boys enjoyed ten days of properly supervised camp life amid ideal surroundings.

The fall activities centered around a minstrel show held November 19th and 20th. Rehearsals commenced in September and the committee worked untiringly. Its efforts were crowned with success,

as the net receipts were \$1,800, which was turned into the Community Fund. Besides the benefit to the fund there was a reflex benefit enjoyed by all those who participated in the show.

In December the club visited practically every house in the city collecting clothing, shoes, toys, etc., for the Nursing Mission and similar charities.

Exchange of Programs Benefits Both Clubs

CLARKSBURG, W. VA.—Clarksburg Rotarians are still enthusiastic over the reception accorded their delegates by the Charleston club on the occasion of an exchange of programs with the capital city. Rotarians. Incidentally the Clarksburg delegation witnessed the football game between West Virginia and Washington and Lee Universities ere they returned home.

The Clarksburg delegates were met by Charleston Rotarians and were driven out to the Kanawha hotel for breakfast as a preliminary to a sight-seeing tour. The club program was put on at the hotel with the largest attendance ever recorded by

the Charleston club. After the luncheon there were several good addresses. Then the visitors were taken through two big industrial plants and were later the guests at a fraternal dance. Next day they went to the football game—one of the best of the season. On the return trip the delegates found that their special Pullman bearing the Rotary and Clarksburg banners attracted just as much attention as it had on the way out. The program put on by the visitors was in exchange for one put on in Clarksburg by a delegation from Charleston. Both meetings were highly successful and similar exchanges are being arranged with other clubs in the state.

Cuban Club Wins Contest: Holds Nine 100 Per Cent Meetings

FULTON, MO.—A cable from Cuba brought Fulton Rotary the tidings of defeat in its attendance contest with Cai-barien. The Cuban club which had never before held a 100 per cent meeting was so enthusiastic over the contest that it held nine of them in a row! Fulton was not far behind—but that record took some beating. By the expressed wish of the Cuban club the trophy of victory will be an American flag which Fulton Rotary has forwarded together with a message of greeting and appreciation.

Any More Hats in This Ring

MEDICINE HAT, ALTA.—The local club with forty-seven members has perhaps made a record for a club in a town of only ten thousand population. The gross receipts of a carnival which Medicine Hat Rotary recently staged exceeded \$10,500 and the net receipts amounted to



The Rotary Club of Porterville, Cal., felt that it would like to send to Ostend some little token of its joy at the formation of the first Rotary Club in Belgium. At the suggestion of President Ralph Walbridge this mark of friendship took the form of a handsome gavel and base manufactured from California redwood and having a silver band with a suitable inscription. This gift, it is hoped, will serve to remind Rotarians of both countries that the Old World and the New have many ideals in common which Rotary may promote.

some \$5,500 for their Service Fund. While the carnival ran for three nights it operated for a total of only ten hours, consequently the receipts were over \$1,000 per hour. This is an average of \$1 for every man, woman, and child in the town. The club holds the District Four record for this sort of work.

A Little Problem Involving Compound Interest

OWEN SOUND, ONT.—Recently the local club sent \$100 to the daughter of a member, asking her to use it for the benefit of the Japanese earthquake sufferers in Tokyo where she was then residing. Shortly afterwards the club received the following letter which is self-explanatory:

"Dear Sirs:

"When I received my father's letter containing your generous check for \$100 I was very much pleased but little did I think that it would accomplish anything more than relief work, but it has done real mission service, too.

"Just when I received your check we were enjoying a visit from Miss Mariya, national secretary of the W. C. T. U., and a prominent Japanese woman. She had told us that the greatest need in Tokyo was "futon" (Japanese word applied either to the mattress they spread on the floor, or to the quilts they use for covers) and we were quite anxious to make them but we lacked the great wherewithal, money, though we had plenty of faith and willingness. Perhaps that is what counts—for right at this time your check came and we had 200 yen with which to start.

"But the Christian women felt that all the women in Akita ought to have an opportunity to help, so they called a union meeting of all the women's organizations in the city. Here they raised 1,000 yen thus enabling them to buy materials and make 1,000 futon and send them.

"Perhaps you at home don't realize the significance of this—but it is surely a milestone in our history here in Akita. For the first time all the women's organizations have met together and that at the invitation of a Christian organization, which could arrange it because of a gift from the Rotary Club in Owen Sound. Your gift of 200 yen not only provided 200 futon but it was the leaven whereby the whole 1,000 futon were raised.

"Later I received the check for \$25. This I sent to the school where I lived in Tokyo. The school is planning a Christmas program for the sufferers and your 50 yen together with their own offerings will surely go a long way towards that end.

"If the Rotary Club's motto is "Service" as I believe it is, your club has surely lived up to the highest meaning of that word."

Hear Six Candidates and "Endorse" Seventh

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.—The six candidates for the mayoralty were given an opportunity to present their respective claims at a recent meeting of Youngstown Rotary. Two of the six candidates are Rotarians and one is a past-president of the local club. When each candidate had been given eight minutes in which to outline his policies, the present club president announced that although Rotary is non-sectarian he thought that this time the club could conscientiously endorse a candidate. At this time a nurse brought in a little crippled girl who is the ward of Youngstown Rotary, and as Rotary's "candidate" she received a most enthusiastic reception.

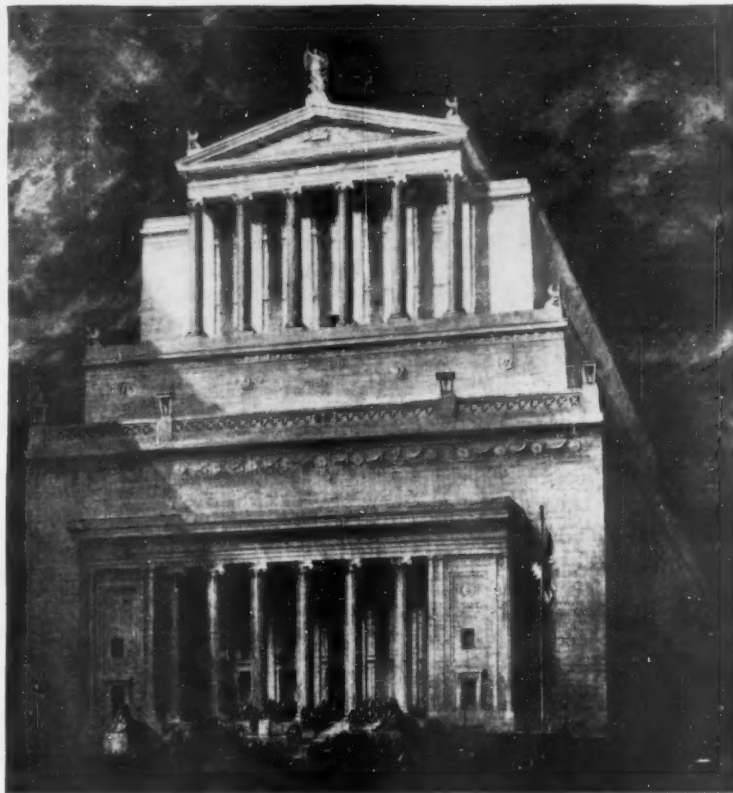
Present Scouts With Fifty-Seven Acre Camp Site

LEXINGTON, KY.—The local club brought an important project to completion when, after three years' work, it presented a 57 acre camp and lodge to the Boy Scouts of the vicinity. The recommendation for the site was made in

April. Within 30 minutes after the report was made the members had subscribed the necessary \$5,700 and the site was purchased the following day. As there was no fund for the improvement of the property, twelve Rotarians advanced the money and the rustic lodge was completed by the middle of July. The lodge building contains a 28 by 40 foot dining room, a 15 by 16 foot kitchen, and a veranda 10 by 40 feet which serves as a sleeping porch when the scouts are not in their tents. The ground is ideal for a camp. There is plenty of standing

timber for exploration, half a mile of river front for swimming, and there are two springs to furnish pure water. A level field of some acres is used for the baseball diamonds, tennis courts, and other aids to sport.

Practically every scout troop in the city spent two weeks at the camp during the summer. The boys worked tirelessly to put the property in shape, and have worked out a program of improvements which will keep them busy for several years. Roads, and fences are to be built, and the Scouts take great interest in



THE MONEY

to complete building this magnificent Masonic temple was raised by Ward, Wells, Dreshman and Gates.

On March 20, campaign offices for the St. Louis Masonic temple were opened in the Statler hotel. They were closed May 10, with \$1,319,275 raised and more pouring in, until the total for the campaign reached more than \$1,400,000. The total cost of securing this sum was \$35,000.

During 1923, \$25,000,000 was raised by this Firm for 75 institutions, including Hospitals, Colleges and Universities, Community Chests, Y. M. C. A.'s, Y. W. C. A.'s, Churches, Fraternal and Benevolent institutions.

We want to serve you in raising funds for the particular institution you may be helping to finance, or whose future welfare depends upon proper financing.

You should read our bulletin, "Financing Social Progress." Write for it.

WARD, WELLS, DRESHMAN AND GATES

Metropolitan Tower
NEW YORK

Wrigley Building
CHICAGO

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identifying all the flora and fauna, and have secured many interesting specimens for the camp collections. A motor boat, purchased for the camp by the Rotarians, solved the problem of transporting supplies and visitors to the camp.

The formal presentation took place at the club's regular meeting on Dec. 13th and an interesting conclusion to the program was a model Scout meeting staged by two patrols under the direction of three Rotarians who are also members of the Scout Council. Several sons of Rotarians participated in this meeting which was witnessed by a large attendance including Scout executives and city officials.

"And Hold the Faithful Mirror Up to Man"

PEORIA, ILL.—Two entertainments given by the talent of the local club proved well worth the trouble expended on them. On the Friday before Christmas the club presented a seasonable one-act sketch entitled "The Carpenter's Saw." The theme of this sketch is that any man's job may be glorified into a great opportunity if it is tackled in the right spirit. The carpenter, after performing various repair jobs for the children of his community becomes infected with the Christmas spirit. The sketch ended by "Peoria's Official Santa Claus" giving musical selections on the carpenter's saw. About a dozen children were included in the cast of this playlet, which was dramatized by Mrs. George Arthur Clark from the original story by Chi Gamble. The following week the Peoria Rotarians presented "Slevin's Follies of 1923," a skit in which the Fishhook Rotary Club held a meeting to celebrate the dedication of a new hard road. Various local and national politicians were burlesqued—and several of the audience were able to enjoy a hearty laugh at their own expense. Special music by the club quartet added to the joy of the program. Wives of the Rotarians were special guests at both of these meetings.

"Attendance Will Please Come to Order"

MITCHELL, IND.—After a close attendance contest the Mitchell Rotarians gracefully accepted their defeat by Union City and sent a delegation to present the prize to the victors. The handsome gavel and its case which were the prizes, were manufactured from an old walnut log by one of the Mitchell Rotarians. The Mitchell delegates traveled 200 miles by auto to make the presentation and all thoroughly enjoyed the chicken dinner which awaited them. Visiting Rotarians from Winchester and Greenville added something to the program of songs, speeches, and stunts which

made the time pass so easily. Union City had held seventeen 100 percent meetings out of a possible eighteen, while Mitchell came a close second with sixteen 100 percent meetings out of a possible eighteen.

Fifty College Students Entertained at Dinner

OKMULGEE, OKLA.—More than two-score college boys representing half as many schools were guests of the local Rotary club during the vacation period. The annual dinner given the club for college students home for the holidays is an event anticipated by both hosts and guests—and this last one will lend even keener anticipation to the next. Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma students declared a truce from the rivalries of the gridiron and the rostrum while they exchanged merry jests and information of their respective schools. A well balanced program of speeches, music, and stunts in which both students and Rotarians participated was enthusiastically received.

Calliope's Call Shrills Across the Years

SANTA MARIA, CAL.—Some of the local Rotarians say that it was just an excuse—that Rotarian Coblentz wanted to go to the circus himself and so started this circus party for sixty youngsters as an excuse! Anyhow, they went—sixty kids and a dozen or so Rotarians. They pinned a guest's badge on each youngster and

then told the kids to take hold of a long rope. They were still hanging on when they reached the "big top," despite the press of the crowd. Popcorn, peanuts, and all the other things that go with circuses were properly enjoyed and there was but one argument heard during the evening. That started when the Rotarians tried to decide which was the most charming performer!

Have You a Son at Cornell?

ITHACA, N. Y.—The following extract from a letter from Fred B. Howe, president of Ithaca Rotary Club, will interest Rotarians whose boys are attending Cornell University:

"Ithaca is the seat of Cornell University, which draws its students from every state in the Union. Among these students are doubtless the sons of Rotarians, young men whom, as temporary residents of Ithaca, the Rotary Club wishes to meet, if need be, to help. From acquaintance and from the closer intimacy and friendship which may ensue, we feel that there may come something of value to the club and the city and to these boys away from home.

"I request therefore that every Rotarian who has a son at Cornell send me his name and his Ithaca address. Our club or its committees may then communicate with the sons in the name both of the fathers and of the club, and thus bring about a meeting with cordial welcome on one side and we trust with easier approach on the other.

This letter typifies a practice which is becoming more and more common among the Rotary clubs of college towns, and which offers special opportunities for service.

Fifteen Cents a Week

ALBANY, N. Y.—Members of the Albany Rotary Club paid eighty-five cents for their weekly luncheons. Almost always a dollar bill was tendered in payment and the fifteen cents went back into the pocket. On May 18th, 1923, the club voted to make the price of the luncheon tickets one dollar, with the understanding that the hotel cashier pay back to the club treasurer fifteen cents on each ticket, the sum rebated to be added to the Rotary Service Fund and crippled children to have first consideration in its allotment.

Fifteen cents is a small item—the price of one cigar—but in twenty-six weeks the sum of \$628.75 was added to the Service Fund and a still larger amount will be realized during the second half of the year. The money is being spent for the care of quite a number of crippled children and a dental clinic established at the West End Health Center in the

In Memoriam

Robinson A. McDowell—Died December 12, 1923



ANOTHER one of the "old guard" of Rotary was mustered out when "Bob" McDowell passed on. Heart failure occurring while he was passing through Chicago on a business trip separated him from his very large circle of friends, and deprived Rotary of one of its most useful members.

"Bob" was born in Louisville, Ky., fifty-two years ago, and spent all his life in that city. He was an honor gradu-

ate of the University of Louisville and had practised law for twenty-five years. Always active in civic and social work as well as in his chosen profession he was elected to office in the Kentucky State Bar Association, the Louisville Commercial Club, and the Y. M. C. A. He served on the Board of Aldermen and took an active interest in church and school affairs.

In Rotary he was successively President of his club, Governor of his District, Vice-President of Rotary International, and became a candidate for President at the Kansas City Convention. As a member of the committees on Constitution and By-Laws, War Service, and other Rotary interests he was always ready with wise counsel or swift action. Keenly interested in both Rotary and his profession he sought to further the interests of both by promoting a Lawyers' Section in Rotary, and was elected chairman of the governing committee of this Section.

Each Rotary Convention found "Bob" and his charming wife greeting old friends and attracting new ones.

A lifetime of service such as he gave might well teach us to appreciate the saying of Simonides: "We count it death to falter, not to die."

Photo by Rotarian John T. Berry, Louisville, Ky.

name of the Rotary Club is giving a good account of itself. And all for fifteen cents!

Now Who Will Present "The Rivals?"

BRISTOL, ENGLAND.—Yanay Altsheler, a Lexington, Ky., Rotarian, sends us the "Manchester Guardian" for December 21st, which contains the following interesting account of an activity of Bristol Rotary:

BRISTOL has just taken a lively hand in the game of providing really exciting theatrical fare for its citizens. The Rotarians of that city seem to have been at the bottom of the admirable conspiracy. They have caught hold of the notion that Bristol, like Birmingham, Dublin, Liverpool, and a few other cities—like Manchester, too, once upon a time,—can have a theatre fit to be something of a Mecca for playgoers. They have got together the people most interested. The Corporation has provided a building, and the venture is launched this week—the first of a thirteen weeks' season of repertory which the Rotarians proudly affirm they will cause to be played in Bristol despite pantomimes and plum-puddings and all the other counter-attractions the Christmas season offers. The promoters disclaim any pretence at "uplift." There is, they assure their patrons, not a high or even a partially elevated brow amongst them. They are out simply for good fun, and they look for it in the quarters where it can most easily be found. GALSORTHY, MILNE, ST. JOHN ERVINE, SUTRO, and R. C. CARTON are among the playwrights they affect. Anything good of its sort, from Mr. BRIGHOUSE's "Hobson's Choice" to ISEN's "Pillars of Society," is grist for the mill. Already the Bristol Little Theatre, which holds 500, is briskly booked in advance, and we may fairly hope to see its activities extended. It is high time that the hard and excellent work done by repertory companies in the towns lucky enough to have them were linked by some plan which would lessen the hard grind of constant rehearsal by a system of exchange—that would give Birmingham, for instance, a chance to see what Liverpool makes of "Audrocles and the Lion," and would send all these spirited folk on circuit to cheer us. That, of course, is a big enterprise, and only the central council of the Rotarians (if they have one) could be expected to tackle it. Meanwhile, restricting ourselves to minor benefits, we may fairly ask. Have we no Rotarians in Manchester who will be lashed into a proper frenzy by finding themselves thus outdone by their brethren in Bristol?

"There's a Silver Lining Through the Dark Clouds Shining—"

TRENTON, Mo.—It was quite a big dark cloud—big enough in fact to overshadow even the confidence of youth. He had come to Columbia with such high hopes of an education—and with only enough money to pay his entrance fee and buy text books. But, he thought, there was always work for the fellow who wanted to earn his way.

Only the work was not so easy to find—true, there were odd jobs but they would not pay for his room and three meals a day. In fact, he was almost ready to quit and go back home when he heard of the job in the eating place. True, it meant getting up at 4:45 so that he could do three hours work before his 8 o'clock class—but then there was the chance to go to school. So he got up—and all together he did about six hours' work a day and carried fifteen hours of University work as well. It was a bit strenuous, but then—Of course it would have been mighty nice to have gone home for Thanksgiving, but he hadn't the money—so he stayed in town and worked.

And through it all there was the fear



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that he wouldn't be able to make enough
to start another semester—that although
he had made good grades he would have
to take time out to earn some tuition
money. It worried him—when he had
time to be worried—then—

Well, then the Rotary Club of Trenton,
Mo., heard about that boy—and a \$50
scholarship was promptly provided—and
that boy is working harder than ever
because somebody has shown their faith
in him.

**Every Man, His Own
Escalator**

JOPLIN, Mo.—The local Rotarians char-
tered a special four-coach train to con-
vey themselves, fellow-members from
neighboring towns, and a 35-piece band,
to Eureka Springs, Ark., for the meeting
at which District Governor Ralph Talbot
presented the charter.

Rotarian Martin Brotherson, owner of
WHAH broadcasting station of Joplin,
put on a special program each half-hour
during the trip down and for part of the
return trip. He installed a high-powered
receiving set on the train for the enter-
tainment of the traveling Rotarians and
their guests.

Two hundred and ten guests were
seated at the banquet, which was held on
the roof of the Basin Park Hotel. The
hotel is unique, it is an eight-story struc-
ture and each story has a ground en-
trance. Yes, it's true—you see the hotel
is built in a hollow in a hill and all you
have to do is climb the hill until you
strike the proper floor level!

**Classification Clubs Unite in Work
for Crippled Children**

KENT, OHIO.—One of the best clinics
for crippled children held in this section
was arranged through the cooperation of
the Kiwanians of Ravenna, a group of
local physicians, various volunteer work-
ers, and the Kent Rotary Club. The
clinic was held at the new Roosevelt
High School which has excellent equip-
ment for such work. While the 51 chil-
dren were awaiting examination they
were entertained by moving pictures
shown in the high-school auditorium;
also a fine dinner was prepared in the
school cafeteria for the patients, their
parents, and the workers. Dr. W. S.
Hoyt, of Akron, and Dr. Hyde, of
Springfield Lake, both specialists, con-
ducted the clinic. They were assisted by
Mrs. R. Reeder, a nurse sent from Col-
umbus to represent the State Child Wel-
fare Association; and by Dr. R. D. Wor-
den of Ravenna, who was present all day
with two assistants; and by a number of
local physicians and their wives who en-

deavored to secure a life history of each
case for use in follow-up work. Edgar
F. Allen, of Elyria, president of the Na-
tional Society for Crippled children, was
present. He stated that this was one of
the best planned clinics he had yet seen.

A considerable portion of the children
were given hope of a cure.

**Farm Boy's Work
Wins Recognition**

SELMA, ALA.—Local Rotarians ar-
ranged a fitting climax to their year's
program of Farm Boy's Work when cash
prizes totaling \$500 were distributed to
the winners in a spirited contest con-
ducted under the auspices of the Rotary
Club and Rotarian John Blake, county
demonstration agent. Eighteen boys
shared in the prizes which were awarded
the first, second, and third best in the
following classifications: pig club, poul-
try, beef calves, dairy calves, and the
best acres in corn, cotton, and potatoes,
respectively. The winners and their
fathers were entertained at the regular
luncheon when the awards were made
amid general enthusiasm.

For the current year, the scope of the
club's work along these lines will be en-
larged and the rewards will be supple-
mented by many private donations. In
the three years which have elapsed since
Selma Rotary started its endeavor to
stimulate interest in agriculture and keep
the boys on the farm, many inquiries
regarding the conditions of these friendly
competitions have been answered by the
club secretary.

**Wonder If They Found
Pearls of Wisdom?**

WAYNESBORO, PA.—The local club held
its annual oyster roast at the Leland
Hotel on Jan. 8th. We understand that
this is the mid-winter frolic of the club,
and that it always draws a large attend-
ance. Among other things the meeting
notice says: "Do not forget the time and
place and come without your supper."

**College Boys and Farmers Guests
at Two Successful Meetings**

GALESBURG, ILL.—In November, the
local club entertained thirty students of
Knox and Lombard Colleges whose
fathers are Rotarians in their home
towns. The young men and women were
given a real Rotary welcome and were
told "What It Means to Be the Son or
Daughter of a Rotarian." They were
also assured of the cooperation of Gales-
burg Rotary whenever any assistance
should be needed.

On Dec. 6th, the Galesburg Rotarians
entertained 200 farmer friends at the
fifth annual Community Night

"How Could He Fail?" we often hear asked of some business
man of sterling character and seemingly with above-the-average
business sagacity, who suddenly goes into bankruptcy. Some-
where there is a reason. Harry Botsford calls it the "missing
ingredient." Read his article in the March number—"The
Missing Ingredient."

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Mr. Horn is at liberty to talk before Rotary Clubs in any section of the United States if his expenses are paid from and to Philadelphia. He is an excellent speaker and is recommended by several large Eastern Clubs.

His booklet, which should be in the hands of every worker in this country, whether radically inclined or not, sells for 15c per copy, less 10% in 5000 lots, less 20% in 10,000 lots. Sample copies sent on receipt of 20c in stamps.

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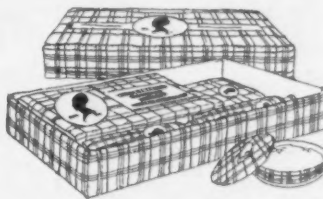
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NEW ROTARY CLUBS

GEORGETOWN, Kentucky. Club No. 1525. Special Representative: Will N. Offutt of Lexington; president, Porter H. Nunneley; secretary, Kean Ashurst.

Staples, Minnesota. Club No. 1526. Special Representative: Chris N. Erickson of Brainerd; president, Perry Atwood; secretary, George W. Beckett.

Trenton, Tennessee. Club No. 1527. Special Representative: G. S. Lannom, Jr. of Tullahoma; president, George N. Choate; secretary, Charles E. Smith.

Santa Paula, California. Club No. 1528. Special Representative: Lewis P. Hathaway of Ventura; president, L. Britton Bowker; secretary, Douglas G. McPhee.

Flemington, New Jersey. Club No. 1529. Special Representative: Charles K. Armstrong of Newark; president, Wm. J. Case; secretary, James E. Farmer.

Silver City, New Mexico. Club No. 1530. Special Representative: G. A. Martin of El Paso; president, Earl S. Bullock; secretary, William R. Warner.

Nesquehoning, Pennsylvania. Club No. 1531. Special Representative: William F. Hofford of Lehigh; president, Clarence E. Toole; secretary, George P. Thomas.

San Luis Obispo, California. Club No. 1532. Special Representative: Jesse H. Chambers of Santa Maria; president, Francis H. Throop; secretary, W. T. Masengill.

Lewes, England. Club No. 1533. Organized under auspices of District Council No. 4; president, Ald. G. Holman; secretary, Edwin F. Young.

Kingsbridge, England. Club No. 1534. Organized under auspices of District Council No. 10; president, George Saunders; secretary, Veysey Stoneman.

West Point, Mississippi. Club No. 1535. Special Representative: Condie Tubb of Aberdeen; president, W. G. Roberts; secretary, Bennie W. Norris.

Lyon, France. Club No. 1536. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner Fred Warren Teele; Etienne Fourgère, president; Joseph Bataillard, secretary.

Bowie, Texas. Club No. 1537. Special Representative: Horrace A. Robbins of Wichita, Falls; president, Abel W. Cline; secretary, Chas. A. Pruden.

Windsor, Missouri. Club No. 1538. Special Representative: W. H. McCown of Clinton; president, Will P. Bradley; secretary, William Roy Hazlett.

Clarksville, Arkansas. Club No. 1539. Special Representative: S. Bernie Harper of Fort Smith; president, H. H. Ragon; secretary, G. W. Byington.

Albion, Illinois. Club No. 1540. Special Representative: P. J. Kolb of Mt. Carmel; president, Sam A. Ziegler; secretary, George F. Sampson.

Whitley & Monkseaton, England. No. 1541. Organized under auspices of District Council No. 3; W. W. Barnett, president; Wm. A. Laws, secretary.

Berlin, Wisconsin. Club No. 1542. Special Representative: Lee C. Rasey of

THE last list of new Rotary clubs was published in the November Number. Since that time, other Rotary clubs have been organized in the United States, in England, in Canada, in Australia, in Belgium and France. Forty-seven of these new clubs are listed here. The Rotary Club of Brussels is the second to be organized in Belgium, and there are now three clubs in France, and four in Australia, while Great Britain has about 150 clubs. The names of the presidents, secretaries, and organizers of these new clubs, together with other data in connection with the organization are given in each instance.

Appleton; president, Harry Truesdell; secretary, John F. Riordan.

Shawano, Wisconsin. Club No. 1543. Special Representative: Austin Olmsted of Green Bay; president, Albert S. Larson; secretary, Ellsworth J. Scott.

Rice Lake, Wisconsin. Club No. 1544. Special Representative: John P. O'Connor of Superior; president, John J. Jacobson; secretary, Warren D. Leary.

Laurens, South Carolina. Club No. 1545. Special Representative: Carroll H. Jones of Columbia; president, Albert C. Todd; secretary, M. Lamar Smith.

Newport, I. of W., England. Club No. 1546. Organized under auspices of District Council No. 3; president, J. C. Millgate; secretary, T. Ross Pratt.

Kingsport, Tennessee. Club No. 1547. Special Representative: E. J. Wagner of Johnson City; president, O. S. Hauk; secretary, J. E. Huffaker.

Maysville, Kentucky. Club No. 1548. Special Representative: James Howell Richmond of Louisville; president, Robt. A. Cochran; secretary, Chas. E. Peterson.

Harrodsburg, Kentucky. Club No. 1549. Special Representative: Shelton M. Saufley of Richmond; president, Hanly Bohon; secretary, Clyde E. Rankin.

Brussels, Belgium. Club No. 1550. Organization work completed by Special Commissioner Fred W. Teele. Dr. A. de Page, president; Rene L. J. de Wael, secretary.

Bellows Falls, Vermont. Club No. 1551. Special Representative: Clarence McDuffee of Claremont, N. H.; president, Dana J. Lowd; secretary, Clayton L. Erwin.

Eureka, California. Club No. 1552. Special Representative: Leo Lebenbaum of San Francisco; president, Ritchie Woods; secretary, Warren E. Innes.

Artesia, New Mexico. Club No. 1553. Special Representative: Carl Einhart of Roswell; president, C. Bert Smith; secretary, Frank Donahue.

Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Club No. 1554. Special Representative: Dolph Shaner of Joplin; president, Richard R. Thompson; secretary, Albert G. Ingalls.

Cynthiana, Kentucky. Club No. 1555. Special Representative: Joseph Porter of Lexington; president, Wm. W. Van Deren; secretary, James B. Simpson.

Oak Hill, West Virginia. Club No. 1556. Special Representative: Charles S. Smith, of Beckley; president, Wm. R. Hayes; secretary, V. Howard Ford.

Barnsley, England. Club No. 1557. Organized under auspices of District Council No. 4; president, Sam Jones; secretary, H. Butterley.

Abingdon, Virginia. Club No. 1558. Special Representative: Thomas W. Preston of Bristol; president, George E. Penn; secretary, S. F. Hurt.

Windsor, Vermont. Club No. 1559. Special Representative: Ralph Kiniry of Claremont, N. H.; president, Fred G. Bicknell; secretary, Ed. K. Boak.

Corvallis, Oregon. Club No. 1560. Special Representative: Thomas Parsons of McMinnville; president, Wm. T. Johnson; secretary, H. E. Walter.

Woodbridge, New Jersey. Club No. 1561. Special Representative: Wm. C. Cope of Newark; president, Fred F. Anness; secretary, S. Barron Brewster.

Caruthersville, Missouri. Club No. 1562. Special Representative: E. D. Gillen of Blytheville; president, Clyde O. Gill; secretary, John D. Strohman.

Scarsdale, New York. Club No. 1563. Special Representative: Charles English of White Plains; president, Arthur Boniface; secretary, Stephen L. Angell.

Somerset, Kentucky. Club No. 1564. Special Representative: S. Lloyd Huey of Lexington; president, Ralph E. Hill; secretary, Ray E. Higgins.

Deming, New Mexico. Club No. 1565. Special Representative: Joseph E. Goddell of El Paso; president, A. W. Pollard; secretary, Charles F. Sage.

Pulaski, Tennessee. Club No. 1566. Special Representative: Robt. C. Webster of Nashville; president, John T. Long; secretary, David P. McDume.

Prestonsburg, Kentucky. Club No. 1567. Special Representative: Norman A. Chrisman of Pikeville; president, Joseph D. Harkins; secretary, John C. Hopkins.

Siloam Springs, Arkansas. Club No. 1668. Special Representative: Henry Tovey of Fayetteville; president, Connelly Harrington; secretary, W. J. D. McCarter.

Las Cruces, New Mexico. Club No. 1569. Special Representative: Joseph E. Goodell of El Paso; president, H. L. Kent; secretary, H. J. Reemtsma.

Charleston, Mississippi. Club No. 1570. Special Representative: James Love of Greenwood; president, C. B. Parrish; secretary, Fred M. Dabney.

Hominy, Oklahoma. Club No. 1571. Special Representative: Henry Duncan of Pawhuska; president, Frank H. Shelby; secretary, Geo. M. Treadway.

Comment About Books

(Continued from page 29)

ing chapters is that devoted to "Facts and Figures," giving population by provinces and also population according to various religious denominations. In the final chapter, "Random Reflections," we find the following comment concerning the Rotary Club of Belfast, which will be enlightening as to Rotary in Ireland.

The Rotary Club of Belfast contains many good fellows, brotherly and unselfish, men "fervent in business, serving the Lord" in many acts of charity, good-nature, mutual and public service, interested in anything and everything for the good of their fellowmen, whether books, boy welfare, roses or hospitals. I have heard it described as a "club of snobs," but this was a grievous error and not worth contradicting. To see sixty or seventy busy men willing and waiting to spend an hour after luncheon to listen with keen intelligence and a delightful sense of humor to a speaker on art or business or science or literature or any other subject which is worth anything, shows indeed that there is hope for Belfast, and verily "a little leaven may leaven the whole lump." This Rotary Club has done big things and will be heard of from time to time...

Applied Business Finance, by E. E. Lincoln. Chicago: A. W. Shaw Company, 1923. Pp. 772; index.

The business man's library, a development of our day, contains literature as interesting and valuable as that upon which the scholar, the preacher, the lawyer, or the physician depends. An unusually informing volume for the modern business man, whatever the size of his assets and turnover, is *Applied Business Finance*, by E. E. Lincoln, chief statistician for the Western Electric Company, and lecturer on finance at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. This book comprehends the field of business finance, including in its twenty-five chapters the methods of organizing industrial units of varying types and size, the management of capital, bonds and stocks, the analysis of purchase and sale of goods, the place of the bank in business, the economics of advertising, and dividend and surplus management. Every financial aspect of production, distribution, and the consumption of goods is given realistic treatment in excellent English style. The

volume concludes with a study of business cycles, the place of research in business health and expansion, and the causes of financial waste and difficulties. —L. E. ROBINSON.

Mr. Arnold, by Francis Lynde. Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill Company, 1923. Pp. 336 frontispiece.

"What exile from his country is able to escape from himself?" asked Horace—and there is no answer. When such exile is due to some rash act or phrase, when it is succeeded by bitter remorse, we have the material for a classical tragedy. In modern days, however, the same material is more apt to serve for the plot of an historical romance, in which the embellishment of fancy completes the scaffolding of fact. American history furnishes at least two such heroes for a romance within a comparatively brief period. The first was a soldier who exchanged his uniform because of his pique at fancied slights; the second a sailor whom a hasty invective condemned to pass years cruising the seas just out of sight of his native land. It is with the soldier, Benedict Arnold, that Francis Lynde chooses to deal.

The adventures of Dick Page, a captain in the Revolutionary army, who receives a secret commission for the capture of Arnold are told in a manner calculated to hold the interest of any youngster of high-school age. The story moves swiftly through its chronicle of love, hate, battle, and stratagem, and for the most part maintains the atmosphere of the period. Arnold, a tragic figure, hated by his former comrades and distrusted by his present ones, is the storm center around which gather several gales and breezes of passion. Brave men and fair women of both sides find their counterparts in those who serve—or try to serve—their own dubious ends. —C. ST. JOHN.

The Convention City

(Continued from page 28)

and everything that can add comfort and pleasure to the life of a student during his leisure hours.

Adjoining the college grounds to the east are the Parliament Buildings located in Queens Park, one of Toronto's beauty spots, and a couple of blocks to the north is the Royal Ontario Museum, a veritable Aladdin's palace with interesting exhibits of every description, a wonderful museum in which hours can be profitably spent. Just a short distance to the south of the University grounds is the Art Gallery of Toronto, formerly the home of Dr. Goldwin Smith, given to the city with its priceless art treasures and paintings as an Art Gallery. In its

spacious rooms the works of many artists are displayed.

John also found in Toronto a wonderful library system, consisting of a Central Reference Library with fifteen circulating branches located in various parts of the city.

John discovered very soon that Toronto has a very wonderful park system, consisting of sixty-four parks, covering an area of eighteen hundred and seventy-five acres. The largest, High Park, consisting of three hundred and thirty-five acres, was a grant to the city with the understanding that it is to remain for all time to come a natural park. The work of the landscape artist has, how-

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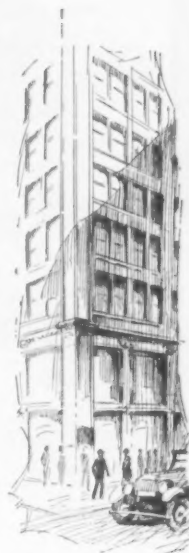
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The Rotarians of London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, and other places, will be glad to have you with them, and study British Rotary work.

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ever, built wonderful driveways along the edge of deep ravines and through beautiful valleys. The park is directly north of and connects with the lake shore drive or boulevard system along the shore of Lake Ontario. This boulevard system stretches for miles with its bathing beach, amusement park and boardwalk, visited by thousands daily during the summer months.

Riverdale Park is the Zoological Gardens, filled with wild animals, birds and aquatic fowl of every description.

Exhibition Park, where the International Convention of Rotary will be held, contains two hundred and forty-four acres, is linked up with the lake shore boulevard drive and has a frontage on the lake shore of nearly a mile, and is a beauty spot with permanent buildings of beautiful architecture surrounded by rolling lawns and beds of flowers. Never has a convention been held anywhere under more beautiful or picturesque surroundings. The value of this park, including buildings, is more than eleven million dollars.

JOHN found that the citizens of Toronto are very fond of outdoor sports, maintaining in the immediate neighborhood of the city eighteen golf courses, including a Municipal Golf Course, many bowling greens upon which the old English game of bowls is played by both men and women, thirty-three public playgrounds used by the Amateur Baseball Leagues, Lawn Tennis Clubs and for football, soccer ball, cricket, etc. These public playgrounds are equipped and supervised by the city and form a valuable adjunct to the grounds in which league baseball and lacrosse are played. Aquatic sports are held under the supervision of the numerous boat clubs, which own and maintain splendid club houses on the lake shore and on the island. During the summer months the protected bay is filled with yachts of every description, ferry boats ply back and forth carrying thousands from the main land to the island park, while palatial steamers make several trips daily from Toronto to Niagara Falls or to Rochester and down the beautiful St. Lawrence through the Thousand Islands.

John found many other places that will be interesting to the Rotarians attending the convention that cannot be described in the limited space assigned for this article. Brief mention must be made, however, of Toronto's greatest asset—the home life of her citizens—for no matter how great the other attractions no city can be beautiful or attractive without beautiful homes in which the coming generations are being raised. It has been said that an Englishman's home is his castle, and surely this can be said equally well of Torontonians and their homes. More than two-thirds of the population dwell in their own homes and each residential section vies with the

other sections in the making of the homes and yards attractive. Nearly every residential section has its horticultural society, with a combined membership in the city of approximately two thousand. Spring and fall flower shows are held and prizes awarded not only for flowers but for the general appearance of the yards, both front and back. The architecture may be described as being alike, but different. Alike in construction of brick, stone and concrete, for the by-laws of the city do not permit the building of frame houses, but different in design to a very large degree.

I have tried to portray in this article some of the attractions which helped to hold John as a satisfied citizen of Toronto. All and many more will be open for the entertainment and for the delight of the delegates and their friends attending what we hope and believe will be the greatest convention ever held by Rotary International.

The name "Toronto" is an Indian word meaning "The Meeting-Place," and as Toronto was the meeting-place of the Red Men in the early history of the country, it has been a meeting-place for men of every nation since it assumed the status of a great city, and we trust that it will be a meeting-place to which a considerable delegation from every club in Rotary will journey for the purpose of meeting face to face the Rotarians from all nations and of renewing the fellowship and the friendships which are making, and will make in the future we trust, for the good of humanity.

Every member of the Rotary Club of Toronto stands with outstretched arms to welcome you to Toronto—The Meeting-Place.

Will You Come?

Over the Great Wall

(Continued from page 14)

other boys engage; there are athletic exercises which are just as beneficial in developing strength and sureness as any provided elsewhere. Just to show how well they are trained, a group of these boys gave an acrobatic spelling of "Rotary" when some of the club members were visiting them. It would be interesting to see how many keen-eyed athletes could do this trick off-hand.

Although there are two tots of three years old in the school most of the boys are much older. Also most of them come from families in which the parents would have a hard time to furnish such special training as they now receive. Trachoma is a real problem in China—and the pity of it is that the disease is contagious. Thus a lack of sanitation (which is the chief cause of the disease) in one family may bring suffering to others.

But the boys do not let their handicap eliminate many of the pleasures of

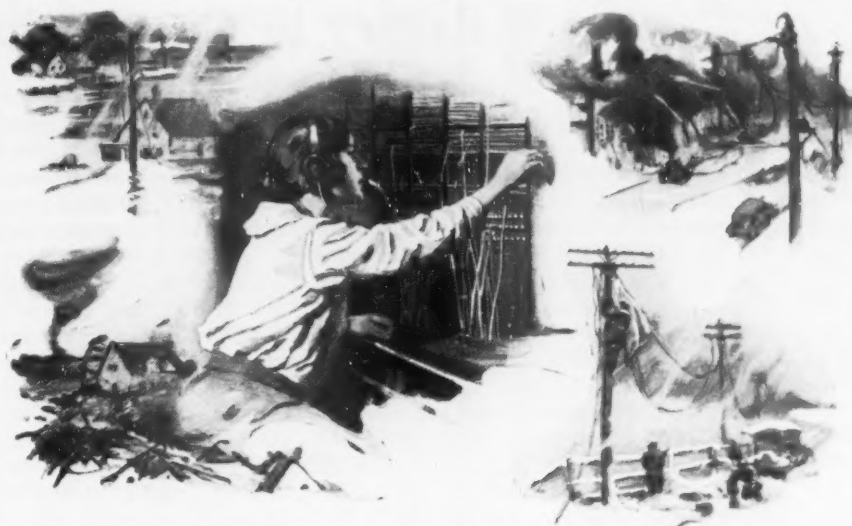
life—including that great pleasure of giving pleasure. Like most of the sightless they have unusually acute hearing, and when they give their annual minstrel show the singing is well worth attention—even though they cannot read the notes, for both words and tune are correctly given.

Now since the Rotarians also had experienced the pleasure of helping others the boys were able to reach new horizons of knowledge. They were taken on rides through the city, and when brought to some of the points of interest busy fingers soon revealed to the boys many wonders which their hosts knew—and

probably some which those hosts were not acquainted with. For example the boys soon learned to distinguish various shrubs by the "feel" of the leaves; and afterwards could give interesting descriptions of what they "saw."

Naturally the field for such training is not limited to the Institution itself, and we find a dozen graduates of the Institution preparing to help others as they have been helped themselves. Other schools have been established and the advantages of such work among the millions of Chinese will doubtless demand that still more such schools be built.

When these new Institutions are



Priceless Service

Despite fire or storm or flood, a telephone operator sticks to her switchboard. A lineman risks life and limb that his wires may continue to vibrate with messages of business or social life. Other telephone employees forego comfort and even sacrifice health that the job may not be slighted.

True, the opportunity for these extremes of service has come to comparatively few; but they indicate the devotion to duty that prevails among the quarter-million telephone workers.

The mass of people called the public has come to take this type of service for granted and use the telephone in its daily business and in emergencies, seldom realizing what it receives in human devotion to duty, and what vast resources are drawn upon to restore service.

It is right that the public should receive this type of telephone service, that it should expect the employment of every practical improvement in the art, and should insist upon progress that keeps ahead of demand. Telephone users realize that dollars can never measure the value of many of their telephone calls. The public wants the service and, if it stops to think, cheerfully pays the moderate cost.



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started there will probably be other Chinese Rotary clubs to assist them. For besides the 100 Rotarians in Shanghai there are the new Rotarians in Tientsin and the prospect of other Chinese clubs in the near future. Eventually Rotary clubs will be organized in Peking, Hankow, Canton and many other cities as Rotary develops in China. The day may come when Chinese will become the dominant language of Rotary in China. Besides the possibilities of native mem-

bership there is the certainty of a very considerable leaven of foreigners—men from other countries resident in China.

With these prospects we may ponder the possibilities of Rotary in China; we may imagine two future Rotarians, an Uruguayan and a Chinese, discussing their experiences in both countries and doing it equally well in both tongues—perhaps by that time all Rotarians will be using Esperanto as Rotary's universal auxiliary language.

But this is speculation and we may conclude by saying that however many Rotary clubs are formed in China or elsewhere, the truly international aspect of Rotary depends largely on just such things as this work for blind boys and the exchange of student ideas. For it is such undertakings that combat what Pope termed "man's inhumanity to man" and which teach us to soften the aggressiveness of a new civilization, to temper the conservatism of an old one, to the benefit of both.

Rotary in Great Britain

(Continued from page 11)

of witnessing the passage of the International Constitution at Los Angeles, and of hearing the cheers with which the compliance of the British Clubs was greeted by seven thousand delegates. And yet later, I had the privilege of attendance at the Board and Council meetings in Chicago at which were drafted and agreed the details of co-operation between the main headquarters and the British office.

After the Brighton Conference, came Scarborough (1923) at which nearly one thousand were assembled. The feature of that conference was the Business Methods discussion, led by Ernest Walls, and followed by Sydney Pascall. For the first time, Rotarians in Britain grasped the fact that Rotary must stand or fall by the way in which it gave practical interpretation to the Ideal of Service in the various trades and professions, and a resolution was passed in favour of devoting the year in the main to the preparation of codes.

A NEW feature of our organization is the district conference. Great Britain is now divided into fourteen districts, each of them electing its own council, and the council its chairman. During the year 1923, district conferences were held in Scotland at Dunblane, of the Western District (No. 10) at Weston-super-Mare, of the Southern District (No. 11) at Bournemouth, and of the Southeastern District (No. 12) at Margate. Other districts with conferences in prospect are No. 8 at Cambridge and No. 5 (Lancashire) at Southport.

Forces are thus continuously at work, by means of conferences to make Rotary bigger and at the same time better understood. Slowly, but surely, the original idea of Rotary as a mutual benefit circle became subject to the process of change caused by internal expansion and external inspiration. The net effect is seen upon the new clubs as they are formed. In Great Britain, in the work of extension, stress is laid, in all directions issued, upon the need for disinterestedness on the part of the preliminary organiser, who is known as an interim secretary,

and officially recognized by headquarters, and assisted in his work. The choice of founder members is made in consultation with a representative of the district council, usually a member or a committee of a neighbor club. At the formation meeting, addresses are delivered by a representative of the district, and generally an officer of the Association is present. When the club is properly formed, an inaugural meeting is held, at which addresses of a more formal nature are delivered. Then the club applies for membership in Rotary International (through R. I. B. I.), and all things being in order, it is duly approved, and its charter issued.

Any idea existing that there is any rush or haste to form clubs in Great Britain, just for the sake of showing them on the books, is contrary to the facts. Those responsible are only too well aware of the trouble they store up for themselves by bringing into the movement a club unfit to function, and it anything, it may be said that a brake is put upon enthusiasm. Unless a genuine Rotary spirit is marked and recognised at the preliminary meeting, procedure is slow. Where real enthusiasm exists, however, encouragement and help are given.

Another factor in the change-process is the development in the British Rotary Clubs of the concrete as distinct from the abstract significance of Rotary. Of late years, the habit of compartmental thinking has developed among British Rotarians. It has been stressed that Rotary is an application of ethical ideas to four departments—to the individual in himself, to his craft, to the community, and to the world as a whole. It is pointed out that Rotary is the human factor in the economic situation, and that it concerns itself with acts rather than with commodities, with the quality of services. Anything tending to excite or energeise the giving of good service is "Rotary," anything tending to hamper it, is opposed to Rotary. The movement has, thus, a general policy and shows itself in the individual's thought and action in his

business and his community life in a way that may shape his judgments upon public affairs.

The Business Methods campaign of Rotary International was first brought to the direct attention of British Rotarians after the Los Angeles Convention, from which it received its great impetus. The writer transmitted to his national Executive the desire of the International Executive that Rotary all over the world should concentrate in advancing its special ideas in the various lines of activity. A committee was appointed to look after the matter in Great Britain under the chairmanship of Ernest Walls (Bristol) and throughout the clubs a discussion was stimulated, with speakers' notes, under the headings:

"To what extent can Rotary be applied to promote practical ideals in business"; and

"To what extent has Rotary tended to improve relationships between employer and employed?"

SOME seventy of the British clubs conducted debates on these questions and without doubt both questions became of acute interest, though also of acute controversy. When the concrete issue of the writing of business codes came up for discussion at Scarborough, opposition showed itself from many quarters. The appearance on the platform and in the hall of members of the clerical profession gave to the discussion a rather unexpected theological flavour. Prejudice was shown against any attempt to codify, further than at present, exactly how a man should practice Rotary—which by many British thinkers is described as "applied Christianity." Another line of opposition was that which urged that business ethics had no need to be taught in Great Britain, where the standard of commercial morality was world-wide in its repute. Considerable work lies before any committee that seeks, in such an atmosphere, to codify trade practices. The British mind tends to rebel against written constitutions—and even written treaties.

Nevertheless amongst many thoughtful British Rotarians, the campaign is welcomed. It serves to give definiteness to Rotary which has been lacking, to relieve the atmosphere of the movement from what one writer has graphically termed a "bog of nebulosities, ineptitudes, and second bests." The coming to Rotary of the real mission to clean up business practices is welcomed by the same writer (Rotarian William Moffatt, of Leeds, chairman of the Yorkshire District Council) as "a call to representative men to re-shape the modern world on straighter, sweeter, more merciful and more humanistic lines." Moffatt would rejoice were the Rotarian to be able to display the Rotary Wheel emblem over his premises with the knowledge that the public would say "That is a clean business. The owner is honest and sincere. His word is as good as his cheque signature. No adulterated goods are sold there. No lies are told about the goods. His staff have the best wages and conditions in that trade . . ." Moffatt's implication, however, that those who were not Rotarians—who were prevented by the one-man rule from becoming Rotarians, were otherwise than clean, straight, truthful, etc., would be one which the average Briton would not like to set about concerning his competitors. If circumstances, and the constitution, permitted all clean, straight, sincere and truthful persons to become Rotarians, and Headquarters were able to guarantee their cleanness, straightness, sincerity and truthfulness, his dream might be attainable. As it is, we live in a restricted constitution in an imperfect world, and the responsibilities of Rotary Headquarters are already great. For them to be prepared to vouch at all times for the eternal probity of every wearer of the emblem would be for them to be able to achieve a feat of sponsorship no Church has ever dared to attempt on behalf of its flock. Rotary does not solve the human equation.

TO pass to the third "angle," Rotary and community service in Great Britain, the tradition was well laid during the years of the Great War that a Rotary club has a duty collectively to the city or state, apart from the individual obligation to give service in his craft. The B. A. R. C., formed in the first year of the Great War, found work lying ready to its hand without the seeking. During the war years, no organised body in a belligerent state could exist without some form of service to the national cause. Least of all could an organisation having "Service" as its motto be otherwise than an auxiliary to state enterprise in a time of stress. Therefore, during the War, each separate club shouldered one burden or another, and was eager to show efficiency. Notable among British Rotary's war efforts was the provision of homes for American soldiers during 1918; and

immediately after the war, many of the clubs set up "Jobs for Demobs" committees, in conjunction with the Appointments Department of the Ministry of Labour, which had the result of finding work for hundreds of men who would otherwise have been forgotten or overlooked.

But as to specialised activities, one may say that certain clubs have, perhaps, distinguished themselves above others. Clubs such as Birmingham, Doncaster, Sheffield, Southampton, Newcastle, and many others give regular assistance to local charities, by such means as sales of work, whist drives, toy funds, Christmas present parcels, and weekly collections at lunches for charities, and very large sums have been raised.

Bristol organized many local charity committees, such as the Mayor's Hospital Fund, a "Toc H." Committee,* and a golf championship in aid of charities.

Derby's toy fund distributed 1,500 toys last Christmas, while Sheffield distributed 2,106 parcels of Christmas presents.

MOST of the clubs have their Boys Work Committee. Specially selected for mention, at the Los Angeles Convention, was the work of the Edinburgh Club, which helps all local boy organisations, such as the Y. M. C. A., Boys' Brigade, and Boy Scouts, by organising lectures, concerts, training camps, and by holding every year a Boys Week.

The Western District clubs have jointly established a Rotary Club Boys' House, under five Rotarian trustees, at Weston-super-Mare, and have guaranteed £1,000 towards the initial expenses.

The Big Brother movement—another feature of the boys work campaign—consists in some individual Rotarian making himself responsible for the welfare of some one boy left bereft of parents by the war or other cause.

Addresses on vocational guidance to existing boy organisations by Rotarians are also frequently undertaken.

An activity of the Bristol Club to be recommended to notice is the giving of lectures to the prisons in gaol. The Public Service Committee of the club gives a monthly address or entertainment to the Borstal institution at Horfield. Bristol rendered remarkable service by organising and securing wide publicity for an annual "Bristol First" Exhibition. The same club has also interested itself in the establishment of a Repertory The-

*"Toc H" is a name which was popularly applied to Talbot House, a service club-house in France used by all ranks during the Great War. Talbot House had the following notice written over the doorway: "Abandon rank, all ye who enter here." Class distinction was abolished, a Tommy could chat with his commanding officer on equal footing, men became brothers. That spirit generated by the companionship of the trenches and the sharing of danger has now been perpetuated by the formation of the Toc H Society, whose motives are eminently ideal: To serve their fellowmen, to better conditions in life, to break down class distinction, to help the fallen, and to bring the younger generations together and instil in them the highest instincts of mankind. The society now has 10,000 members with branches throughout the British Isles.—THE EDITORS.

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Director gives more than temporary relief. It actually dissolves excess fat away. It applies a firm but gentle pressure which automatically produces a continuous kneading motion with the natural movements of the body. This action tends to dissolve and scatter fatty deposits. Thus the continued wearing of the Director permanently corrects over-development. Director is woven to measure from the finest mercerized web elastic—all in one piece. No buckles, straps, laces, hooks or buttons. It slips on easily and is delightfully comfortable. Endorsed by thousands of business and professional men.

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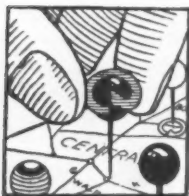
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atre in Bristol, to produce and perform plays of a higher class than is available by local commercial enterprise. Margate also organised a Rotary Festival and Exhibition, showing art and industrial exhibits. Southend did much the same. Both clubs did great service to their towns in this way.

For three years or so after the armistice, many clubs, such as London, Southampton, and Liverpool, held weekly panels and gave special hearing to hard cases sent them by the Appointments Department, going out of their way in many cases actually to create jobs for demobilised officers and men.

"Migration" of the superfluous population is a subject brought to the notice of the Rotary Clubs of Great Britain by the Overseas Settlement Committee of the Imperial Government, and means whereby the home club may act in liaison with overseas clubs in giving the right kind of emigrant the right kind of send-off, and assuring him of the right kind of reception by sympathetic people—(i. e. Rotarians) at his destination, are now being considered.

IN Great Britain, the social problem is of paramount importance, and Rotary clubs feel that unless they can contribute in some way to its solution, they are not living up to the motto of the movement. Hence, the eager interest with which any scheme for rendering help is received.

It would be impossible, and out of place, in a general descriptive article to catalogue all the local activities of the various clubs. In each issue, however, of *The Rotary Wheel*, an account is given of such activities.

In matter of British Rotary and Community Service, acknowledgment is to be placed on record to Dr. Crawford McCullough, who during his year of office as International President (1921-22) gave the British Association some advice so valuable that it has had it printed for official use. "Crawford" summarised the position of Rotary as one which did not undertake to carry through any enterprise for which other organisations existed. Where no such organisation existed, however, the Rotary club might make itself the agent to organise a citizen's movement, without any mention of its own name appearing. He pointed out that it would be unwise for a small selective body of men to undertake responsibilities that belonged to the community as a whole, and also that Rotary could not, by its very composition, function as the financial backers of public enterprise, without depending on the favour of the wealthy members.

This advice has eaten deeply into the understanding of our clubs, with the desirable result that the thing that is ready to be offered is not alms but service. The idea that Rotary is in any way a philanthropic organisation, an adjunct to the various benevolent organisations, if it

ever existed, or if it still exists, is disappearing from our midst. Nevertheless, in the appeal to subscribe to the relief of the Japanese earthquake, the clubs sent over £700.

It may not be too much to say that there is some reaction also against Rotary being judged solely, or even partially, on its record for "doing things." It is remembered that the Rotarian, by his very qualification in Rotary, must be a man who "does things." He is chosen for his standing, for his repute, for his public spirit, and the Rotary club is a place in which he confers and mingles with men rather than where he organises public activities.

Many of us lately have been asking—and so it would seem have many in other countries—what is the "ultimate goal" of Rotary, the one direction towards which we must all turn our steps. If the most ambitious of our declared objects is any clue to our "ultimate goal" then without doubt it is written in the last clause of the "Aims and Objects of Rotary":

The advancement of understanding, goodwill, and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the Rotary ideal of Service.

If that is an aim and object at all, it must be a major aim and object, because no organisation ever founded in the world had ever a higher ideal than to promote peace and goodwill among men—through whatever means. If our means to the ultimate goal of peace and goodwill, the highest aspiration of all upon this earth, and the pathway to the Kingdom of Heaven, is a "world fellowship of business men united in the (Rotary) ideal of Service", how does the organisation of Rotary International serve to lead us thither?

LET us say at once that by its very existence it leads us a long way. Having "depots" in twenty-six countries, and in more than fifteen hundred centres, it has at least the points established from which power can be distributed. It proceeds leisurely—perhaps a little too leisurely—to establish others. We learn from time to time of new clubs brought carefully into being at various cities on the European continent. True large areas are excluded from Rotary's missionary operations—the same areas as are excluded from the League of Nations. Even Rotary has not freed itself from the political idea that the Nations against which we fought during the Great War must remain outside the family of nations. Nevertheless, these little peculiarities admitted, the very existence of organisations in nucleus in European countries is a portent of good.

If, however, Rotary's existing limitations are fixed and final, we may pass through centuries before the Rotary ideal is within sight of establishment. A "world fellowship of business and professional men united in the Rotary ideal of service" cannot be composed of a mere association of Rotary clubs composed of

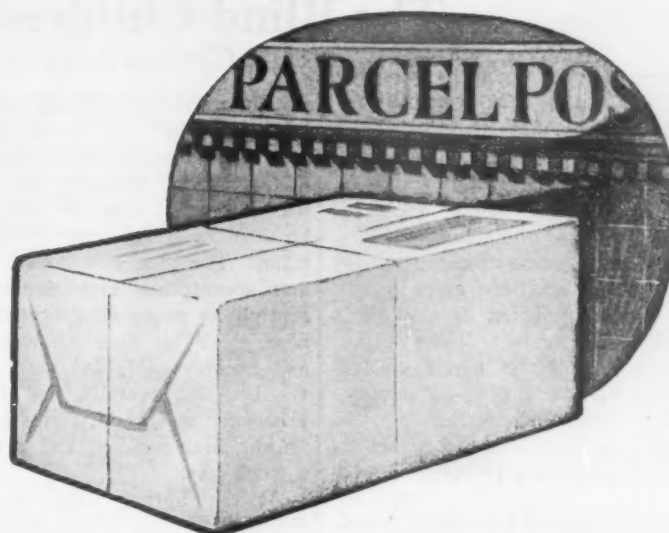
one member of each craft or calling, of however many nations it is representative. The test of success in the establishment of a world-fellowship is its numbers, and Rotary organisation excludes numbers. The only alternative is that each member selected stands for, or is the delegate of numbers, and that is not at present the Rotary way of selection.

FROM what I have said you may gather there is much more to say. There is. It is Rotary's unique virtue that it draws out of many of us more reserves of thought and criticism than any other thing in which we engage ourselves. Its challenge is so tremendous. It sounds such depths, it aspires to such heights, that it catches more than it calculates. When one gets to problems of organisation, it is to perfect the unit that the mind aspires, leaving the supreme body to perfect itself. But that perfection will not come if the supreme body attempts to do more than co-ordinate the units in purposes upon which there is no question of their unanimous agreement. When it is sure of such agreement, and never otherwise, then let it devise the necessary organisation to carry into effect the common will.

Upon a number of activities there will be no unanimity. What appeals to one club will not appeal to another, what appeals to one district or to one national group may not appeal to another district or national group. But without doubt, all clubs, districts, and groups desire and would achieve the ideals of the last clause of the "Aims and Objects", and any organisation that truly sets to work to bring it into effect will have support. Under leadership directed towards that end, all units would sink their differences and prejudices of race, habit, and custom, and unite.

With this article are published two photographs of our Headquarters at Mowbray House, Thames Embankment, London. The care of the 145 clubs is entrusted to the Secretary, with whom is a general assistant Mr. F. G. Hickson and two lady stenographers Misses Humphrey and Scott. The office is a miniature only of the great organisation at Chicago, in which I spent several happy weeks in the summer of 1922, but time was when my good friend and mentor Ches Perry was on the same modest scale. We in London will never grow to the size of International Headquarters, but we shall rejoice if we can concentrate into one tenth of its size at least one tenth of its efficiency.

John Calder, industrial investigator and organizer, has written an article on "Capital, Labor, and the Public" for the March Number of THE ROTARIAN, an article based on the author's forty years of close contact with men of nearly every nationality comprising western civilization. Every important phase of the labor problem is discussed by Mr. Calder in an article that is bound to have a lively interest for every reader.



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The Blind Children's Nursery

(Continued from page 29)

they were privileged to partake of the same kind of food that their Rotarian hosts were enjoying, in the freedom of being able to use the same kind of knives, forks and spoons that "seeing" children use, and it surprised their hosts to observe that in the process of eating, these children required but little more attention than normal children of the same age would have needed. Their eager little ears drank in the music of the hotel orchestra, and the vocal expressions of the wonderful time they were having came as even sweeter music to the Rotarians who were privileged to be present.

Much in the way of permanent benefits came from this first contact. The immediate result was to bring more and better clothing, more and better food and more and better understanding between individual members and individual children. Even more than the material benefits they received, the children appreciated the human contact with grown-ups who had proved that they thought enough of the Golden Rule to act upon it in a spirit of real friendliness.

As one manifestation of its interest, the club thoroughly renovated the nurs-

ery home, which had long been in a bad state of repair. To avoid the expenditure of thirteen hundred dollars, the estimated cost of painting the building, it was suggested that the actual painting be done by a volunteer group of Rotarians. The idea was instantly approved and seventy-five club members, representing as many classifications in business, gave up their church attendance and Sunday golf, and with paint buckets, brushes, overalls, and dinner pails, proceeded to apply the first coat of paint on the first Sunday, and a second coat a week later.

At the Spring Conference of New England Rotary Clubs held two years ago, the same group of children came to our meeting, furnished their own music, and sang "MacDonald's Farm" with all the abandon and joyousness that marks the singing of this classic by the members themselves.

"Mama Joe," one of the blind "mothers," spoke from her Braille notes upon "What Blindness Means," and as those New England Rotarians sat there listening, with undried tears trickling down their faces, no small number of them gave thanks for the privilege of

belonging to an organization that had programmed this event. To them was brought, perhaps as never before, the realization of what blindness means, for as Mama Joe had said, her greatest wish had but recently been that she might die and go to Heaven, and with her sight restored, remain there for three days. On the first day she wanted to look down upon the nursery and see it as it looked after all the work had been done to make it livable, and to see the faces of her children. On the second day she only wished that she might see the sunshine, the flowers and the green grass. And on the third day she wanted to be able to look into the faces of the people who had befriended the institution. On the fourth day she would be willing to resume her life of darkness, return to earth, and take care of her little charges.

If "He (or she) Profits Most Who Serves Best," what must be the reward of profit that has come and will continue to come to these two childless women, who have so unselfishly mothered so many sightless babies during the many years that they have been in charge of the Farmington Nursery for Blind Babies at Farmington, Connecticut?

An Opinion Regarding Rotary

(Continued from page 18)

this one superlative thing the need of which is recognized by all men."

Then there are those who feel that the greatest outrage which civilization has ever permitted to exist since the beginning of the world exists to this day; the outrage whereby innocent and helpless children are permitted to suffer handicaps throughout life, many of them because of the iniquities of their forbears. Such men say: "I don't care what you do afterwards but for the love of God, let us throw off our coats and clean up this mess first. Science tells us that it can be done. Individually we can not do it, but collectively we can."

THEN there are those who feel that the world's greatest need today is that trade be filled with the spirit of service that right there is to be heard Rotary's own distinctive call; that whatsoever Rotary might be able to accomplish elsewhere matters not. The parent must heed the cry of its own offspring, let others heed the cry of theirs. They may plausibly contend that if we men of Rotary scatter our fire in a hundred and one directions we shall never accomplish anything worth while; that if Rotary can get this one message across, this message of service to customer and to employee, there will be little need of charities, alms houses and the penal institutes may close their doors; that the one thing to be feared more than all else, more fearful

than international strife, is the lurid flame of Bolshevism; that the conflagration in Russia threatens to engulf the world; that there is only one course for sane men to follow and that is to start a back fire, a back fire of service and brotherly love and that if such procedure is impossible all will be lost.

Then there are those to whom boys work is paramount. They see the boy of today as the man of tomorrow. They note how impressionable his mind; how responsive he is to kind influences; how desperate his case may become without them. Some have sons of their own and know of the temptations by which they have been beset. They are keenly alive to the needs and fired with zeal to serve them. They feel perhaps that the one and only sure way to get the service message across is through the medium of the boy.

Would it seem entirely irrational if such were to contend that all else should be abandoned and the full power of Rotary turned upon the boy? We must admit that several very excellent cases can be made by their advocates.

Boy work under the present plan arrives at its inspirational apex during the month of May. Would it not be a splendid manifestation of the Rotary spirit of tolerance and co-operation if all who are interested in crippled children work would not only suspend their own activities during boys' week and the two or three

weeks preceding, but also throw themselves into the boys' work program?

However, some cases may be stronger than others. The question, however, remains: Is it practical at this period in the evolution of Rotary to fit all minds to a common mould? Will the interests of Rotary be best served by attempting to do that, or will it be better to continue in the spirit of the resolution first passed at the Atlanta convention and later confirmed in St. Louis, allowing the affiliated clubs the privilege of selecting activities suitable to the needs of their respective communities and to the human material of which they are composed?

In favor of adherence to the spirit of the above mentioned resolutions much can be said.

ROTARY is now international in its scope. The most acute problems of one country at a particular time are not necessarily the most critical of another at that same time. The most acute problems of a country at one time are not necessarily the most acute problems of that same country at another time. Great Britain was in the maelstrom of the war from the beginning to the end. Would it not be natural and proper that to British Rotarians the most valued service which Rotary can possibly render the world at this time is in giving of itself to the preservation of world peace?

The Rotary clubs of Cuba have found

that they can best serve by combatting dishonest tendencies on the part of public officials.

National liberty was America's all absorbing theme in 1776 and individual freedom was an equally desperate question in 1860.

Service is many sided. Men are not like mated. The problem of Rotary International is not so much how Rotarians shall serve as it is whether or not they serve.

Absolute autonomy may not be possible; practical autonomy is possible and the delegates to Atlanta and the delegates to St. Louis thought it much to be desired.

Possibly the broad spirit of tolerance which characterized the relationship between the individual clubs and Rotary International may advantageously be permitted in the relationship between the individual members of a club and the club's governing body.

If I were today the president of a Rotary club it seems to me that my ambition would be to give my club's activities the best balance which circumstances would possibly permit. I think that the maximum of results are obtained where members are privileged to select their own activities within the recognized lines, but it seems to me that I would also want to impress as far as possible upon the minds of all members that just as business occupations may become narrowing so also Rotary activities may become narrowing and that the best results can only be attained in more or less general participation in the club's activities. Perhaps we shall hear in the future of well-balanced Rotarians and of well-balanced Rotary clubs.

The best way to neutralize the opposition to one activity is for the proponents of such activity to join in promoting the projects of the opposing element. It is when one particular activity gains such momentum, that in the minds of some it seems to threaten to sweep everything before it, that opposition arises.

It seems to me that it should not frequently be necessary to employ destructive methods. Each of the four activities above referred to has its special merits which commend it under special circumstances.

If I were a member of a club the members of which were so engrossed in purely social activities that "Service above Self" was beginning to have little meaning, it seems to me that it would be my desire that the officers use as a means of raising the membership out of its indulgence the most compelling means at my command, and I know of nothing for such purpose comparable with crippled children's work. It has the pull on the heart strings, and who can for a minute doubt its sterling worth?

Is it not entirely practicable to preserve the activities above referred to and to so regulate them that the one will help to

serve the purposes of the others? We must not forget that the advocates of boys' work and certain other activities have, perhaps, something in the nature of vested rights. Many members may have been induced to come into Rotary in the expectation of continued interest in these movements. Such rights have been given standing through practice, through literature, and even through legislation.

STARTING out with the assumption that Rotary's own distinctive work is to raise standards of trade by putting the Golden Rule to work in business, does it not naturally follow that in order to do so effectively we must make a worldwide movement of Rotary, and does it not follow that the encouragement of international friendship is the best means through which to accomplish the purpose?

Is it not also true that the most certain method of making our propaganda permanent is through impressing it upon the minds of the coming generation.

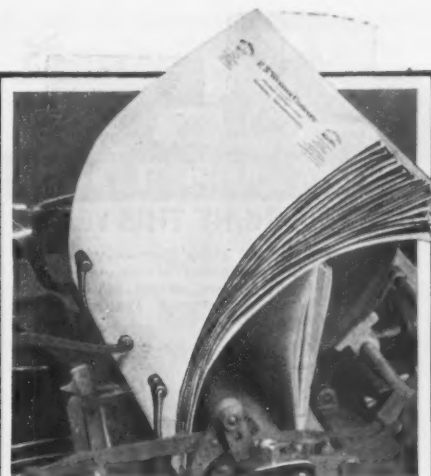
One of the most impressive, and at the same time one of the most scholarly portrayals of the spirit of service in business which it has ever been my privilege to behold, was a little drama which was given by the children of the Spalding School for Crippled Children for the benefit of the members of the Rotary Club of Chicago.

It will live long in the minds of the Rotarians present, and I sincerely believe that it was indelibly impressed upon the minds of the children who took part and of the children and parents who were present as spectators.

Let us sell the Golden Rule in business as well as in every other contact to every nation, to every man, every woman, and every child.

This program is not intended as a panacea for all possible ills. I would not eliminate the growing pains of Rotary if I could, but the process of pulling apart is not the only means of making human progress. Advances are sometimes made by pulling together. I think we need not fear that the future of Rotary will prove to be serene enough to produce anaemia. New issues will probably arise as fast as old issues are settled. We still have a long journey before us.

One thing we must bear in mind and that is: Evolutionary processes have taken us through many difficulties during the past. If Rotary of the future will exercise the same patience and the same forbearance that has been characteristic of Rotary of the past, many of our difficulties and many of our differences will settle themselves. The unworthy will cease to exist and the worthy will survive. This is the nineteenth milestone only. If the next nineteen years yield proportionate progress, we shall indeed have a Rotary which will amply justify the best that has been said of us; aye, the best that has ever been thought.



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THE NOVELTY NEWS,
A. M. Sick
Treasurer
Waukegan, Ill.

Can War Be Prevented?

(Continued from page 31)

Shall the Churches Do About War?" is taken up and discussed. The background of the author's thinking seems to be that unless the churches do something about war, war will not likely be abolished. "Law is only a codification of customary habits of thought and action. In the last analysis, then, the outlawry of war is an ethical problem." The conscience of mankind must be aroused. It is the specific business of the church to do just exactly that.

Certainly the facts that are presented in this chapter detailing the probable course of the next war, its undoubted outrage of every sentiment of Christianity, furnishes the church, if she cares to use it, an argument that can't be answered. The thought of making war civilized and human is impossible in the light of history and recent fact. The issue is becoming unmistakably clear; Jesus Christ and His religion and the whole war business have nothing in common. They are set in complete opposition to each other. The writer therefore believes, "that the churches should refuse to give their approval to any future war, for three reasons: (1) Because war is inherently and essentially a supreme violation of Jesus' way of life; (2) because war is ineffective as a means of furthering Christ's Kingdom and is self-defeating in its very nature; (3) because the absolute repudiation of war by individuals, groups, and corporate bodies is the most effective way of compelling governments to abandon the war system and to discover more adequate means of securing safety and justice." This last point raises the very difficult question, the answer to which seems quite clear to the author, of an absolute veto on the whole war game issued by the church to the state. War is definitely, decisively, and unquestionably evil. It is, moreover, the major social evil of our time. "Much of the weakness of the churches in this generation, is due to the frequency with which they compromise with major social evils." The author thinks that the time has come when the church can no longer compromise with the evil of war.

AN absolute declaration such as that which would mean considerable embarrassment to any government prepared to undertake war and might bring disaster, is plainly recognized as "a highly dangerous procedure." In all fairness, however, Mr. Page asks, "Do armies and navies guarantee security and freedom from all danger?" Are they not too a highly dangerous instrument to hold in one's possession? "On grounds

of relative danger the writer is convinced that armies and navies are a greater menace than they are a means of protection. One thing seems certain, if military force is permanently our most effective means of protection then humanity is doomed and all efforts to build an enduring social order will come to naught."

The closing words of this very ably written book ring in one's ears long after one has, as it were, heard them from prophetic lips: "The present situation demands extreme measures. Let the churches of America say to their own government and to the peoples of the earth: We feel so certain that war is now un-Christian, futile and suicidal that we renounce completely the whole war system. We will never again sanction or participate in any war. We will not allow our pulpits and classrooms to be used as recruiting stations. We will not again give our financial or moral support to any war. We will seek security and justice in other ways. We believe in the latent goodness of all peoples everywhere, in love and spiritual processes as mightier than military weapons, and that the most certain means of overcoming evil is found in the spirit of the cross. We pledge our time, our energy, our money, and, if necessary, our very lives, in the crusade to abolish war and to erect effective international processes of justice and good will.

"Does not the truest patriotism, as well as the deepest loyalty to Jesus' way of life, demand that individuals and churches should immediately and utterly repudiate the whole war system?"

This book by Mr. Page is undoubtedly the most comprehensive treatment of the whole problem of war that has yet been published. It is written strictly from the Christian viewpoint and cuts clean through propaganda that surrounds us like a shaft of dazzling light through the mist; it calls chiefly to account that thin patriotism which is compounded of self-seeking avarice and wholesome contempt for the ideas of national life. It is in the main a highly patriotic book, recalling Americans to the spirit and purpose of the founders of their country. No intelligent American who has left in him one shred of faith in his country and its destiny can resist reading and re-reading this book once it is brought to his attention.

"War—Its Causes, Consequences and Cure" is published by the George H. Doran Company and issued in two editions, one cloth-bound, and the other edition in paper for wide distribution.

The Other Fellow

(Continued from page 25)

to justify a belief that we are a concealed group of citizens who talk altruism and practice selfishness and preach idealism but assume none of its responsibilities. We are just human beings like the rest, possessed of the same frailties, subject to the same temptations, but interested in Rotary and believing that its influence is helping us to a better understanding of the duties of citizenship.

ASSUMING that we have been somewhat forgetful of the other fellow and that there is a chance to improve our standing in the community, is there a practical program that will bring results? I certainly believe there is! Let us get acquainted with the non-Rotarians. That's all! Every district governor is ambitious to accomplish some worthy object during his term. If you boys could see eye to eye with me in this one thing and put over the whole program as given below, I would feel very happy, for I would truly believe that I had rendered a service to Rotary in our district.

In the first place, I appeal to you all to cultivate modesty in your statements in regard to Rotary. There is no one who talks more enthusiastically about Rotary than I, and I would not suggest that you curb your enthusiasm in the least, but do let us confine our praise of the organization more largely to ourselves. Let our deeds speak for us elsewhere. I believe we have the finest lot of fellows ever corralled, and I like to sit beside a Rotarian and talk to him about all these things, but do let us try, when there is a non-Rotarian present to put the soft pedal on our remarks. We are all fond of our children and we like to talk about the wonderful things they do and yet is there anything that will bore the outsider more than to listen to the incessant talk of some fond parent about his child? Watch your literature that goes out. When there is any big affair on, such as a conference or some other meeting of such importance as to obtain exclusive publicity, or when special pages are devoted to Rotary in the newspapers, or if you describe Rotary in your minstrel programs or in any sort of publication that goes out to the public, let us bear in mind the importance of temperance in the statements made and check over the "copy" whenever we have the opportunity.

List the different civic groups in your community with the idea that you will seek to obtain their friendship for Rotary. Important groups are as follows:

Mayor, Aldermen and Commissioners.

City Clerk, police and fire department heads and other outstanding city employees.

Superintendent of Schools, Inspectors, Men Principals, etc., and in the smaller

cities all the teachers regardless of sex.

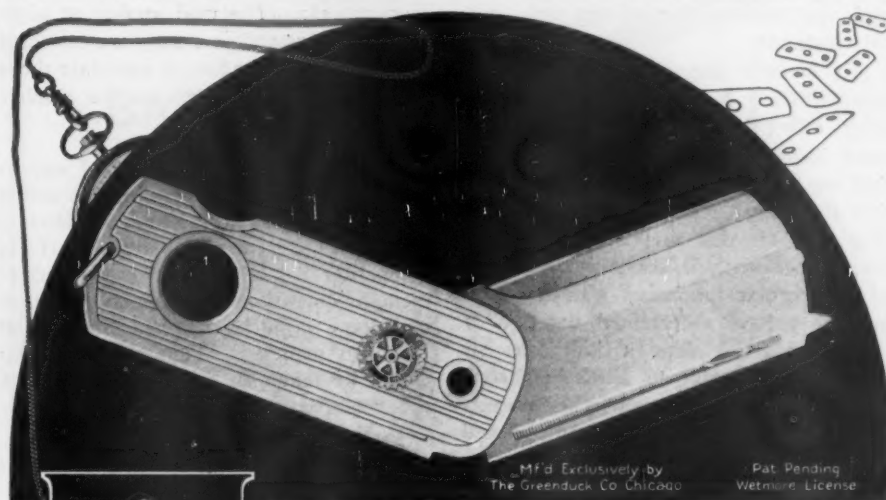
Judges and Court House heads.

Heads of various Labor Unions.

After the survey is completed invite a group, starting with the city official group, to your regular luncheon. Show the same hospitality to each group, entertaining one every six weeks or so until you have completed the list. Have two or three ten-minute speeches made by some of your guests and always include a short address on Rotary and its objects, delivered by one of your best speakers. Convince your guests that a

Rotary club luncheon is not an exclusive affair and that Rotarians would like to know of their guests' problems and to assist them if possible in solving them.

I feel sure that these luncheons will prove to be among the most interesting of the year. Your club members will learn much about their city that they did not know, and your guests will become convinced that in Rotary there is a forum, consisting of representative men, before which they can appear and obtain a sympathetic hearing. You will find that in some cases it will be the first



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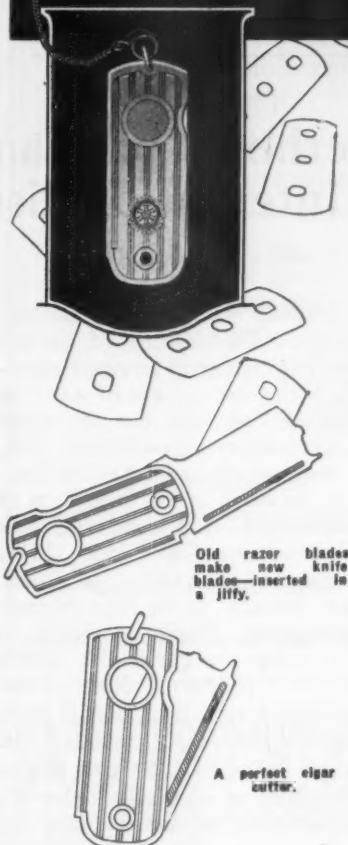
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Emblem desired

time that these men, holding positions of great importance to every citizen, have been given the opportunity of addressing those whom they serve.

The Moose Jaw Rotary Club entertained the union labor heads and had a most satisfying meeting. The Ft. William-Port Arthur Club had a truly wonderful meeting of the educational group. Other clubs have entertained the city aldermen, etc., and all these meetings have proven most interesting. But the great advantage of it all is the friendliness that is developed for your Rotary club, and that is what we are seeking in this instance.

An equally important group is the competitors. I have already referred to the effect that our classification system must have on them, and the obligation that we have incurred to lessen the hurt that they must feel. Impress upon the club members that they are expected to invite one of their competitors to one of the regular luncheons and to repeat until they have entertained the two or three that are leaders in their line. It would be preferable to select luncheons at which you know there will be interesting speakers. Do not hold any special

competitors' luncheons, for that would defeat the purpose we have in view, or have too many attend any one luncheon. We want the competitor to feel that he has been invited in a casual way to attend a regular Rotary luncheon. The Fellowship Committee should make a special effort as the guests are entering the dining room to extend to them a warm welcome, and the President should, during the introduction period, state that there are a number of guests present from the city; that they are very welcome, that he trusts they will enjoy the meeting, etc. The membership at large should understand that they are expected to make a special effort to entertain these home folks. Keep check on the number thus entertained.

THIS should provide a good opportunity for the Rotarian who is acting as host to explain that Rotary wishes to serve the different crafts and that if his competitor has any ideas for the betterment of conditions that the co-operation of Rotary might be obtained through the Rotarian member. Thus the first step would be taken in carrying out one of the requirements provided in the Business Methods program.

I most sincerely believe after having given this subject no little study, that if the above program is carried out, the result will be to improve the standing of Rotary throughout your city; that where misunderstandings now exist there will come appreciation and that indifference will be turned into real friendship. No one can tell how far this influence for good may go or just when and how it may help us when most needed.

Some Rotarians may contend that what the other fellow thinks of us is of no importance as long as we know that we are all right. We must bear in mind, however, that we are making some kind of an impression on the community and that it must be either a good impression or a bad impression for there is no middle ground. Few of us there are who would not wish our organization to be well thought of. But, above all, the future of Rotary is in our keeping. We old chaps will pass on and Rotary can only exist by the bringing in of new members. The type that we can interest in membership will be dependent entirely upon the worthiness of our organization as viewed by the public at large.

The Brotherhood of Man Is the Real Internationalism

(Continued from page 7)

power of love to overcome the dictates of fear. For what, in the end, is love, but a certainty of the power of good to control evil and so to still the unreasoning dictates of fear. That is precisely what the writer of the first epistle of John is aiming at, when he says, "Perfect love casteth out fear." Half men's lives are filled with apprehensions which they have conjured up for themselves, but which have no substance in fact; and the other half with fears of persons or nations being more successful than themselves.

SOME two years ago, Secretary Hughes collected certain of the powers in conference in Washington, in an effort to throw down that colossal monument of fear, the competition of armaments in the Pacific, and to substitute for it a friendly accord among nations. He was amazingly successful. But he was also far too clear-sighted not to realize the limitations of his success. That success, as he saw, was not brought about because certain more or less obsolete battleships had been condemned to be broken up, but because, to use his own expression, a disarmament of thought had been brought about

by the creation of better mutual understandings. The distrust of nations had been, in a measure, scrapped simultaneously with their engines of war. In this way, an end was put to waste through unnecessary expenditures. Still, success even of this sort has its limitations, as indicated in the imposition of the treaty bonds at present necessary for the protection of the idea. Who, the Roman poet, Juvenal, had asked, somewhat cynically, in the days immediately succeeding Paul's residence in Rome, is going to guard the guards themselves? A prisoner in Rome, a certain tentmaker named Paul, had, if Juvenal had only known it, answered him in advance; and it is Paul's answer that Secretary Hughes picks up today—"a sound mind." Nothing but that ever will answer the riddle. To have international peace we must have the disposition to international peace. To have that disposition we must get rid of the fears which promote the passions which end in war.

Fear, then, is the result of centuries of teaching of the power of evil. It is an underlying suspicion that, if you do

not obtain for yourself, not merely the good things but the necessities of life, somebody else will deprive you of them, and so of life. Here, then, is the taproot of men's fears, and here is the many-stringed lute of their apprehensions which the people who profess to understand human nature undertake to play upon, so as to achieve their own ends. Thus is naturally reached the second great political maxim which Secretary Hughes laid down, namely, equality of opportunity. If equality of opportunity is maintained for all nations, then no nation has any reason to fear the closing of its markets by brute force, or the cutting off of its supplies of raw material; and how many of the world's wars have been caused by just such fears and apprehensions it would be difficult to say.

This does not mean that the acceptance of equality of opportunity is going to usher the world into the golden age, any more than that the agreement come to by the powers in Washington is going permanently to put an end to their competition in armaments. What it does mean is that there are statesmen who have begun to perceive the reality

of things, and to realize that in order to make the world better it is necessary to give up tinkering with effects, and to concentrate attention on causes.

THE ultimate cause of the world's troubles is unsound thinking. However, fortunately, good is the goal to which the world, in its blind, hopeless way, directs its efforts, even though it does fall by the wayside, all the time, under the weight of the useless baggage it carries by reason of its own fears and apprehensions. These are the unrealities which the statesmen of the world cannot spend too much time in ridding it of. Public opinion is every day freeing itself more and more from the dominion of individuals, and beginning to express, more and more, the ideals of humanity. Indeed, there never was a time when it was more important that men should learn to think for themselves, and to do this they must strive to acquaint themselves with the great affairs of the world. Unfortunately, the world is still very far from forming its opinions from original documents. It is still sufficiently lazy to desire that these documents shall be interpreted to it. Hence the enormous responsibility of those on whom the labor falls. It is the schoolmasters of humanity everywhere, and they are many and of diverse kinds, who at the moment are responsible for disciplining human thought and teaching it to put aside the spirit of fear for that true understanding of love which is itself the power generated by a sound mind.

BY what means, then, is there hope of achieving this friendly accord of nations on which Secretary Hughes builds such high hopes? Superficially, the answer would be, a spread of internationalism. Unfortunately, internationalism has become a sinister word, with many ugly associations, though fundamentally it means the growth of a sound morality. Just at the moment, however, it is the only practical expression yet evolved for the brotherhood of man, a term itself unhappily discredited by oceans of futile blather. Just as the world has so often been wearied of religion by the religious, so it has been made contemptuous of morality by the moralists. It takes its revenge for lectures in jeers, and idiotically confounds doctrine with the doctors. So the interminable battle goes on. "The good are so hard on the clever, The clever so rude to the good."

It has been asked perpetually, What's in a name? The answer is, a very great deal more than is often imagined. It is not easy in Europe or America to rid the word "religion" of its fellowship with the Inquisition or the Salem witch trials, any more than to separate it from the Puritan Sabbath. Nevertheless, there is a science of just flatfooted truth, that the philosopher, Paul, in quite un-



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Any man can gain this knowledge, and can prove this truth, but necessarily only in the degree in which he lives up to the first principles of the Golden Rule. The sooner then the world gives up regarding the Golden Rule as a philosophic council of perfection, and therefore beyond attainment, the better for it. The sooner it realizes that it is a practical working basis for such democratic ideas as equality of opportunity, square dealing, and adherence to principle, the better it will be for all. It may sound strange, but there is something more akin in the influence of the poets and the mathematicians than is usually suspected, and this kinship is the appeal to fundamental truths, and persistence in the pursuit of them. In the same way, the educationalist, the statesman, or the economist, to be of value to humanity, must have a philosophy, not as an intellectual satisfaction, but as positively capable of proof because it is based on truth.

What is the good of a church conference arguing, before an amused and mocking world, over the descent of man from a rib or a monkey? Wherever they came from, the nations are not at the moment behaving with much more intelligence than monkeys. And what will help them is not a discussion as to whether their ancestors swung by their tails, but guidance for their own passage through the shoals and reefs of human passion. Men ought, of course, to be their own pilots. They have no business to be signaling for the pilot boat in every fresh port they make. It is the work of the educationalist to make them able to steer their own courses; and, in the end, every statesman, economist, or other leader, is an educationalist. Therefore, let the educators realize that you cannot reach anything better than you have yourself. And let them set to work to attain some knowledge of the absolute, instead of sitting down some twenty-four centuries after Confucius to agree with him that this is unattainable, and had, perhaps, better remain so.

CONFUCIUS was almost sure of the evidence of his material senses, and was not perhaps sure of much else. Modern natural science has taught men to be supremely distrustful of theirs. But nothing worth accomplishing can be accomplished this way. The world is calling for something more real than dogmas, formulas, or creeds. It has been looking at riddles in mirrors for centuries without getting much farther. It is now demanding to be introduced to the reality face to face. The point is that a mere bowing acquaintance with truth is no good to anyone. To be any good at all, it must be an exact acquaintance. In plain English, the brotherhood of man will never be established so long as

men believe they can bring about the golden age by telling their neighbors what to do. The triumphs of any age or people have never been won by fighting over forms and ceremonies, but by proving the truth of truth. And the way to do this is by beginning at home. It is not the hazardous effort to become a saint, but the more humble effort to become a learner, and the less talking done in the process the better.

That, if you come to think of it, is what the thinkers have always been aiming at. They have sought truth in the philosopher's stone, in the elixir of life, in a million experiments and creeds. One danger of such efforts has been that the seekers have so often proved isolationists. It was this that brought the old monks to such terrible grief. The seeker has to learn to stay in the world without being of it, and to do his seeking there. What teaching he may do had better be in the way of example than preaching. Preaching is apt to give him a higher estimate of himself than his neighbors form of him.

WHAT, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? It is that the world should set to work to learn truth by its own exertion instead of endeavoring to find short cuts by means of what it deems the spirituality or intellectuality of its neighbors. Then the world will come inevitably to the brotherhood of man, which is the real internationalism, because, seeking truth for themselves, men have no desire to interfere with their neighbors, but are content to speak the truth they have proved, and leave this truth to do its work.

Now, though all this is perfectly true, there exists a fine old saying, which goes back to one of the earliest of the Greeks, at any rate to Aeschylus, to the effect that, "God helps those who help themselves." There is perhaps nothing which is more important for men to lay heart to today than this. There is a tendency in too many quarters to look for help to your neighbors. A league of nations, for example, may do much, but it can never take an iota of any nation's personal responsibility off its shoulders. In such circumstances, what the East needs is essentially to get to work, and what the West can do is essentially to help it to get to work. For the East, it must be remembered, suffered physically far more than the West in Armageddon. It is in this way that cooperation becomes practical.

Anyone, for instance, who has studied the situation in England first hand, at the present moment, must know that the great danger there is caused by want of work. But the most dangerous part of this danger lies in the subtle deterioration of character which accompanies long periods of unemployment. The better class of workers are fully aware of this themselves; they make no secret

of it; it is the irresponsible boys who were put into the war before they ever had a serious job, and who have never had a serious job since, who rejoice in their idleness on the idiotic ground that they are getting back something of their own from the arch enemy, capital. Anything, obviously then, that can be done in the United States to restore normal working conditions in Europe, whether by political or economic assistance, would be a manifestation of cooperation in its most useful form. For if there is one thing certain it is that as nations get out of work they get into mischief.

IN a way, the United States is helping by investing her surplus capital abroad. It has built bridges of gold, by this means, across the Atlantic, and over these bridges there pass continually all those ideas which form the unseen bonds which, more and more every day, are binding the world together. There, really, if the isolationist only knew it, is his true danger, and not in entangling alliances. Entangling alliances are things which can be watched, controlled, and circumvented, but world thought is a thing practically entirely beyond human interference. It is because of this that the day of isolation is really over. Whatever steps men may take to keep countries apart physically, they cannot check their mental gravitation toward one another, and it is with this mental gravitation that the bonds which seem material are actually fastened.

Mr. Norman Angell, who wrote a famous book before the war, "The Great Illusion," saw the foundations of these bridges already sunk in the tangle of business interests. Superficial readers of this book have declared that the outbreak of the war disproved Mr. Angell's contention. As a matter of fact, his contention was entirely justified by the result which demonstrated, in General Smuts' words, the complete exhaustion of victors and vanquished. The war, however, did more than this. In carrying millions of Americans into Europe, it did more than carry their bodies and their rifles, it carried their mentalities. When someone told King George II that General Wolfe was a madman, the little fire eater retorted that in that case he wished the general would bite some of his brother officers. Those millions of Americans whom the war brought into Europe have bitten the people of that continent very severely, and have been bitten in return. Thousands of British workmen who would have been content with never journeying more than a hundred miles from London or Manchester, have gazed at the Sphinx and the Nile, tramped the streets of Verona and Milan, looked across to Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, and wandered round Bagdad in the steps of Haroun al Raschid. Does anyone know a surer

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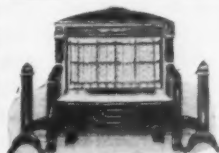
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foundation for world cooperation than all of this?

It is ignorance of one another that separates people more than anything else. During the Napoleonic wars, the English and the French believed unutterable things of each other, and this lent gusto to their fighting. The exaggerations of the publicity departments during the late war did only too much to excite the passions on either side. Shylock suggested that the Christians should stop in their Jew baiting to consider how much they had in common with their victims, with a view to remembering that the Jews, like them, cherished the passion of revenge. There, in a curious sort of way, is the conclusion of the whole matter. If nation helps nation, friendship ensues; if nation opposes nation, enmity is inevitable. But when nations, like individuals, come to know and understand one another,

it becomes increasingly difficult to embroil them with one another.

ISOLATION is impossible today, for the reason already given, that every age is more mental than the one before it. The intense activity in the United States, the slumberous inaction of the backward peoples, is the indication of this. It is easy enough to impose isolation on "Darkest Africa," its people are stretching out both arms toward it; but the United States is a very beehive of effort, an ant's nest of activity. What is stirring America, of course, is its own thought forces, and these forces cannot be induced suddenly to "sit down" on approaching frontiers or customs houses. On the contrary, they are urged into a greater activity by the challenge of different ideas, or conflict with new suggestions, and so they pass all such barriers in their pursuit of perfection. Is

not that what is always inspiring the engineer and the writer, the inventor and the movie star, though perhaps they do not fully realize it? What, but that very thing, recently induced Patrick D. Fox of Chicago, great milk distributor, to encourage his employees to fix the scale of their own wages, with the result that they ignored the trades-union rule of uniformity, and adopted a sliding scale of merit? Something of the same sort is working all the time under the clouds of present discontents in Europe. The trend of it all is difficult to disentangle, for the same phenomena have very different significances to the human minds inspecting them. Thus it is that those behind so often cry, "Forward!" while those before cry, "Back!" And it is by no means always those in front who have the clearest vision. In such circumstances you cannot jam the brake on progress.

"Greater Love Hath No Man"

(Continued from page 22)

"Aw—I know, sir. But—beggin' your pardon, sir—there ain't none such to be 'ad in all Paris for love or tin!"

"Very well," laughed Hicks. "Then it isn't my fault," and he slipped his hand underneath the horse's belly and loosened the cinch.

"Wot—wot are you doin', sir?"

"Ride this goat as God made her!"

And off came the saddle with a scraping of waxed leather, a jingling of brass rings, and up he vaulted on the animal's bare back, sitting well down on his seat, legs hanging loose like an Indian's.

"Get up, you little beauty! Let's see how you can travel! Yip-yip-yip!"—suddenly at the top of his lungs, forgetting momentarily his carefully acquired European veneer; and he was off at a gallop, turning into the bridle-path of the Bois, while the groom looked after him, mumbling:

"My word! My blinkin' word!"

It was a pleasant morning, silver and blue, and so the Bois were crowded.

Everybody was there: students and painters in soft hats and flowing ties and casual old gentlemen with newspapers; pimply faced schoolboys in tight trousers and bowler hats, swinging their canes like the grown-ups; junior judges, in all the crushing dignity of recently acquired sheepskin; American tourists, smoking their short briars very much as if in protest; and independent, wide-stepping Englishwomen with opera glasses over their shoulders and guide-books in their hands; children and nursemaids; odd Russians and Germans and South Americans and Arabs and Chinese.

But there was not one, man or woman

or child, who did not turn with craned neck at the incongruous figure of George W. Hicks, dressed in the foppish height of European fashion as to Judopore breeches, boldly checked riding coat, and silver-gray topper, yet sitting his mare bare-back, riding her as free and easy as the land whence he had come, his legs dangling loosely, his hips giving rhythmically to his mare's swinging gait.

There were comments in half a dozen languages:

"Oh—nom d'un nom—quel type!"

"Straordinary!"

"Ach—Mariechen—sieh Dir mal den Kerl an!"

"Mira, mira! Madre de Dios!"

"Bozhe moy!"

"Crazy nut!"

And then, suddenly, from somewhere out of that crowd, a cry of fear, of warning, peaked up:

"Look out! For God's sake—"

An old lady, accompanied by a young girl, had tried to cross the bridle-path. She had fallen, wrenching her ankle, unable to get up. The young girl stood above her, white-faced, bending low, shielding the prone, frail figure against Hicks' mare that came on at a thundering, rushing gallop, frightened at the cries of horror and warning that rose from all sides.

Hicks thought, weighed, measured, acted in the split part of a second. The mare had taken the bit between her teeth. She was practically beyond control. There was neither checking nor swerving her. So he kept on, increasing the horse's speed with voice and fist. Then, within a few feet of the two

women, he leaned well forward, gripping the horse's bare back with his knees. He clutched the mane.

"Up, you devil!" he yelled. "Up, you beauty!"

And, adding his own strength to that of the mare, lifting the animal almost bodily, he sent it at a long, splendid jump over and across the young girl who had bent still lower, not even touching her.

Twenty feet farther he brought the horse to a stop. He jumped down and ran back.

"Mademoiselle," he began in his best French, "je vous demande pardon si—"

"Please talk English," she interrupted.

"I know you can—in spite of your funny clothes."

"How come?" he asked, astonished, slangily.

"I saw you ride. West, aren't you?"

"Way west, Spokane!"

"I beat you to it."

"Oh—?"

"Yes. Still farther west. Seattle!"

"I thought so," he smiled.

"Why?"

"Your eyes—"

"Suppose you two stop your brilliant repartee," came the older woman's chilly little voice, "and help me up and home?"

SO began the friendship between Ethel Baxter and George W. Hicks.

He called on her the next afternoon and found her even prettier than on the day before, with her small, oval face, her whorl of crisp, chestnut, gold-glinting hair, the sweet curve to her upper lip, and it would have taken a better judge of human nature than he to decide that

by every sign of firm, rather large, well-shaped hands, short, straight nose, and black brows which divided her ice-green eyes from the low, broad forehead, she had imagination and strength of purpose and claims to independent ideas.

He discovered that she was an orphan like himself who, accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. McIntyre, had come to Paris to study music. He discovered, furthermore, that the two women knew little of the French language, less of French ways, and that, of meagre means, they were a little worried how to make the best of it.

So he suggested the *pension* Blanco. They moved there within the week. And, within the following week, George W. Hicks told himself with something like naïve astonishment that he was in love.

HIS friends at "Paoli's" would have laughed could they have opened a secret drawer in his desk and seen there a flower which she had given him once, pressed between sheets of blotting paper, and a letter, written to him when she had gone to Dieppe for the week-end to visit American friends, in her large, copperplate handwriting and creased and smudged through much carrying about in his inside pocket.

Of course—for such was his way—he spent money on her. He began with boxes of candy, with great sheafs of flowers and baskets of fruit, with dinners and theater parties and automobile rides. He progressed to gloves and perfume and silks.

Then one evening—they were sitting on a bench in the Luxembourg Gardens—he took a large diamond solitaire from his pocket and offered it to her.

She shook her head.

"No, George," she said.

"No?"

"No!"

"But—" he stammered—"I want you to marry me. I love you, Ethel! Tell me—don't you love me, too?" He smiled. "A little bit . . .?"

She was silent; then spoke very gravely:

"I do. A great deal, dear!"

"Bully for you! Let's tell your aunt!"

"I won't marry you, George."

"Why—I thought you said . . ."

"Yes—I love you . . ."

"Then . . ."

"I'm not sure if I like you, George."

"What do you mean?" He was utterly taken aback.

"Just that!"

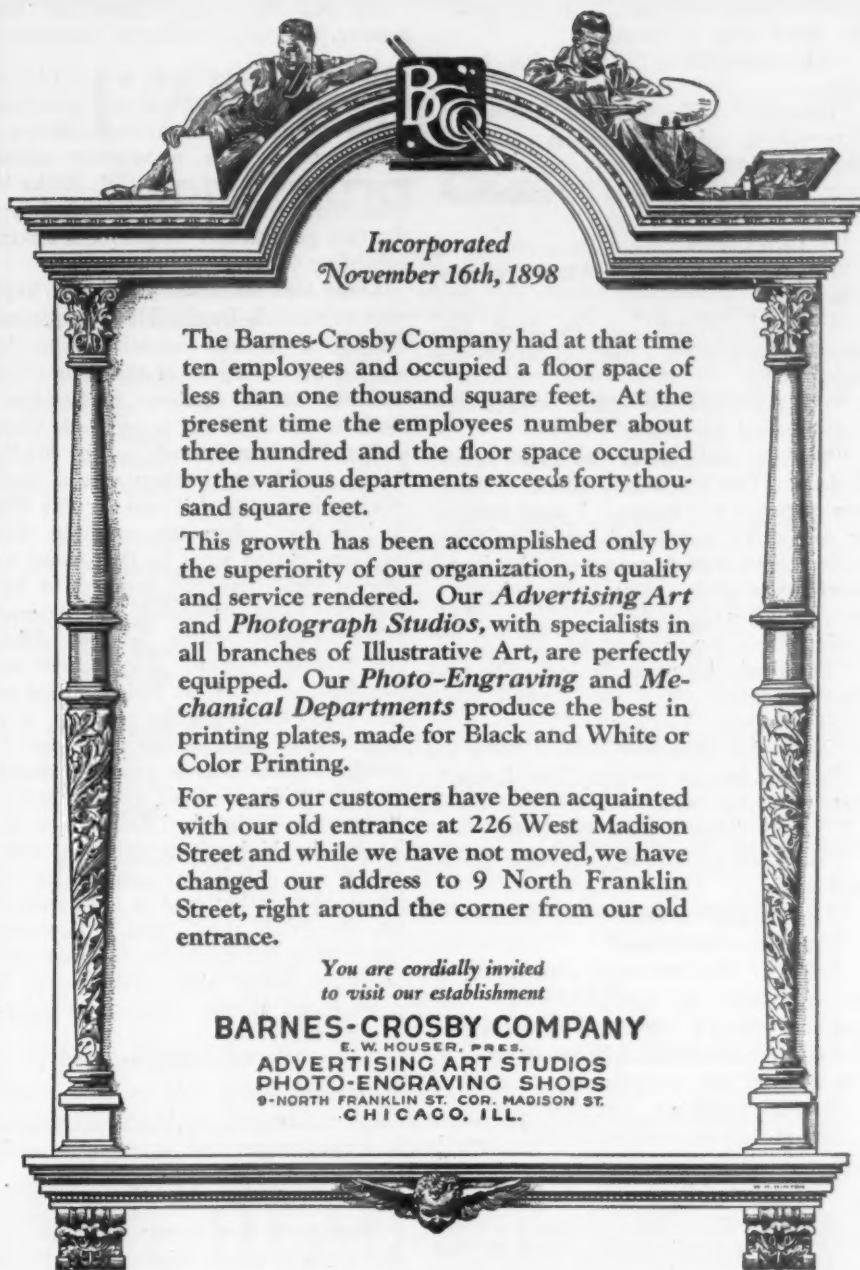
"How can one love without liking?"

"That's what I'm wondering about."

She looked away from him, up at the sky where the crumpled violet clouds around the edge of the silvered evening seemed like some vivid embroidery on an immense glittering curtain.

He was puzzled.

"I don't understand," he said.



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"What does marriage mean to you?" she asked after a pause.

"Why—everything!" came his lame reply.

"Exactly!" She inclined her head. "Everything. And in human relations everything includes—I don't mean to hurt your feelings, dear—but it includes—well—respect."

He turned pale.

"In other words—you don't respect me, Ethel?"

"George! Please!" She took his hands, impulsively. "Don't misunderstand me!"

"You don't like me—don't respect me. I understand perfectly."

"You do not!" Her ice-green eyes flashed. "Don't you see, dear? I want you to prove me wrong. I want you to do something at which I can point with pride. The man I marry—" she hesitated; went on bravely; "The father of my children must be big!"

He gave a lop-sided smile.

"I'm afraid I'll never be big. I'm not the type, child."

"Ridiculous! You can try!"

"How—for instance?"

"I don't know, George. But I don't want you to do what you're doing now."

"I'm not doing harm to anybody."

"Nor good to anybody. You're doing nothing."

"I've enough money—even for two."

"Do—oh—something!"

"What? I'm not very clever. If I go back home, to Spokane, why—" he laughed—"they'll take my money away from me in no time. I know myself. I repeat—I'm not very clever . . ."

"I'm not speaking of money."

"What do you want me to do? Go to college? Study law or medicine or . . ."

"Not necessarily!"

"Then—what, Ethel?"

"Anything—as long as it'll make me respect you—anything as long as it is vital and decent and unselfish!"

HE turned on her, rather angrily.

"Seems to me you'd like to make some sort of dog-gone missionary out of me. Spread some gospel or other . . ."

He said it ironically; but she picked up the words like a battle gage.

"Why not? Don't you believe in helping people?"

"Social service, eh? Go down amongst the great unwashed and preach to them the shining lessons of the American bath tub? Wipe small kid's noses and show infant Pollacks how to juggle a cake of soap and an oyster fork?" And when she did not reply he went on: "Sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? And even if I felt like doing it, I wouldn't know how. I repeat—I am not very clever."

"And I repeat there must be something you can do—and you'd find it if . . ."

"If—what?"

"If you loved me!" came her final answer, typically, ruthlessly feminine.

RETURNING to what we said before about dim, ancestral characteristics rising in a man's soul, we find, a dozen or so generations back, some other subconscious qualities in George W. Hicks besides those which he had inherited from the two generations of pioneers directly preceding him.

There was for instance one Sir Septimus Hicks of Dealle Hall in pleasant Sussex, a Jacobite cavalier who had toasted the "King Over the Water" and had died on the gallows in London, a smile in his eyes and a curse on Cromwell and all Round-heads curling his lips. There had been, furthermore, a Josiah Hicks who had traded into the Far West in the days when the southern shore of Lake Huron went by that name, and whom family legends reputed to have had the finest collection of personally taken red-skin scalps between Albany and Bowling Green. From these men, too, George W. Hicks had inherited certain traits that were the opposite of his usual frothy, volatile capriciousness. The chief of them was a sudden fantastic, quixotic trick of doing the unexpected. Before this he had had occasion to show it: on the high-school gridiron with a couple of gladiators embracing his knees, the pigskin oval in his hands, the line five yards ahead; and in impromptu fights here and there for the sake of an unknown under dog. Always it had popped out without warning, at a word, a gesture.

It was so that evening. Ethel and he walked home, side by side, silently. On the threshold of her room she bade him good night, and added in an undertone, half-pityingly:

"Poor George!"

Perhaps at this moment, had he asked her again to marry him, she might have said Yes. He did not do so. He drew himself up, without replying. But half an hour later—it was nearly midnight—he knocked at her door and called:

"Ethel!"

"Shsh!" she said from the inside. "Auntie is asleep."

"Come to the salon. I want to talk to you."

"But . . ."

"Please come!"

"All right, George!"

She joined him in the salon. It was dark there, with only a corner lamp lit.

"Don't be afraid," he began. "I won't make love to you. But would you mind deciding something for me?"

"Not in the least."

"Come near the lamp." And when they had sat down beneath its haggard, yellow glow: "Close your eyes."

"But . . ."

Just close your eyes like a good little girl." Then, when she had done so, he took a piece of paper from his pocket

and put it on her lap. "Take your second finger," he continued, "and point. That's it. Come straight down. Wait while I mark the place. Now you may open your eyes again."

"What is it?" she asked, looking up.

"A map of the borderland between French Indo-China and the Chinese province of Kwang-Si. I found it in a magazine that I was reading."

"Well . . .?" She was puzzled.

"Here!" He indicated the spot which he had marked. "That's where you pointed at—what you decided for me."

"What?"

"Ban-sop-Huan," he read the name of the place on the map.

"I don't understand, George."

"I read in the magazine where I got this map that all this borderland is—oh—a regular cesspool of misery and vice and degradation, that it needs—what were the words?" He laughed. "Oh yes. I remember. It reminded me of what you told me tonight. It needs big men—men who can do vital, decent, unselfish things. It needs—" He slurred; stopped; went on with something like a sneer, yet a sneer to hide his rather self-conscious earnestness: "It needs workers in the Lord's vineyard . . ."

"George!" She looked at him, wide-eyed. "Please tell me what . . ."

"Ban-sop-Huan," he read again. "I wonder what this particular spot is like."

HE had spoken in a loud voice and, startling him and Ethel, a long, lean, black-frocked figure rose from a chair in the far end of the salon where he had been sitting unbeknown to them, and said in English, with a slight French accent:

"I can tell you!"

The man stepped forward. He was a Jesuit priest who had arrived at the *pension* that morning. They had vaguely noticed him at dinner.

"I returned recently from Ban-sop-Huan," he went on.

He passed fully into the radius of the lamp. A livid, crooked scar ran from his left eye, blotting it out, to his mouth which was twisted and awry as with the memory of terrible, unforgettable pain.

He pointed at the scar.

"I got this in Ban-sop-Huan," he said, passionlessly.

"Oh—" Ethel choked a cry of horror.

"It is an opium village under Chinese jurisdiction," continued the priest, "peopled by Lolos—aborigines, you know. The conditions there are pitiful, as they are in the entire district. For seven years now the inhabitants have sacrificed their all to opium. The houses are crumbling, the fields neglected, the people in rags. Even the little babes smoke the Black Smoke. The doom of the miserable place is sealed unless some white man—some Christian . . ."

He hesitated, went on as though speaking to himself:

"I tried. I nearly became a martyr for Holy Church—not quite. My flesh was too weak—may the Saints forgive me!" He turned to Hicks: "And you, my friend . . . ?"

"I am going there," came the slow answer.

"George!" Ethel's voice rose a hysterical octave. "Oh—"

She looked at him; then, imploringly, at the priest. But the two men hardly seemed to notice her presence. They were staring at each other with probing eyes.

"You are a son of Holy Church?" asked the Jesuit.

"No!" The other laughed. It was a queer laugh, throaty, rather triumphant. "I'm a pretty good Protestant—now that I happen to think of it . . ."

"George!" came again the girl's exclamation, frightened, sibilant, dramatic. "Don't go—George . . ."

"I shall take the first steamer . . ."

"A steamer leaves Bordeaux the day after tomorrow," said the priest. "You can make it if you catch the early morning train."

The girl turned on the priest, with blazing eyes.

"Oh!" she cried. "You are making him go! You are cruel—hard—selfish!"

The Jesuit smiled. The smile caused his scar to twist in an eerie manner. He crossed himself.

"*Ignoscito saepe alteri*," he whispered the Latin prayer for forgiveness, "*numqua tibi . . .*"

Then he addressed Hicks.

"Will you come to my room?" he asked. "I may be able to give you a tip or two."

"Thank you."

"George!" implored the girl. "Don't go! You would not go if you loved me!"

"I am going because I love you, dear," came his steady reply; and he kissed her and followed the Jesuit out of the room.

DURING the early months of his absence he wrote to her regularly, and his letters were suffused with a quaint, dry humor that was typically his and brought the tears to her eyes.

There was his first letter from the village of Ban-sop-Huan:

Imagine my playing nurse to three-score wondering brats who smoke opium with the same innocent and single-minded enjoyment as our kiddies at home suck lollypops. Imagine a Chinese descending on a New England village, grown hoary in its devotion to lollypops, and proclaiming it his mission in life to take away all the lollypops from all the small Yankees. Imagine the hectic popularity of that same Chinese. That is the position I am in—with the difference that no New Englander can ever feel for a Mongol quite the racial contempt and hate the villagers of this burgh feel for me. I am no favorite here. I am about as popular as a drummer for safety razors at

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IT was several weeks before Ethel received his second letter, in which he wrote:

This is the life for a conceited man, best beloved little Ethel. I can now feel for the Nevada plutocrat who tries to break into New York society. I was told yesterday by my boy that the people hereabouts call me "Number-One-Top-Side-First-Class-White-Devil-With-Ancestry-So-Indecent-That-None-Can-Describe-It-Without-Fouling-His-Tongue!" Sweet, don't you think, dear? And all this in the exquisite dialect of the countryside is expressed by no more than three sing-song syllables and does duty for the plain American "Buttinsky." That's what I am here, and I have a shrewd suspicion that they would like to butt me out again. But they aren't going to—not yet awhile.

And then he wound up with sudden seriousness:

For don't you see, dear, there are the little babies—and you ought to see them! Haggard, leather-faced, white-eyed, starving! Nobody tills the fields. Nobody works. They sell everything, from their household joss to their last pound of worm-eaten rice to buy the scrapings of some smelly, treacherous Canton opium jar.

Serious, too, was the next letter:

I never knew that such utter misery could exist—anywhere. Impossible to describe the abomination, the cruelties which occur every day and are accepted as mere negligible incidents hardly worthy of criticism or comment. And I am forced to look on—and I am helpless. For the old people are past help. Nor am I sure about the babies. The Chinese themselves simply sequester a village the moment it surrenders to the poppy. To them it exists no more. Let the inhabitants die as slow or as quick as they please, but do not let them contaminate the neighborhood. So they post armed guards around the stricken district and allow nobody to enter or leave—except fools like myself. Quite efficient, aren't they? And at times I think they are right. At times I think of leaving. But—there are the little babies. . .

Another time, with a full, bitter heart, he spoke of drugs, saying he did not know if hell existed, but, if it did, he wished that all those who trafficked in opium or any other drug should be condemned after death to live eternally in just such a village as Ban-sop-Huan.

Again he wrote how the people hated him, how they had tacked a huge, vermilion placard to the wall of his house in which they proclaimed with Mongol directness that they would crucify him presently.

Then he added:

Don't be scared, I am not cut out after the pattern of an early Christian martyr. I can take care of myself. I bought me a little pop-gun—just like my grand-dad when he squatted on somebody else's real estate. Meanwhile I have accomplished something. Yes—after three months' work I rescued—how many do you think? One! Just one tiny girl child, and that by methods which would make me *persona non grata* with all the foreign mission boards at home. For I bought the kiddie from her mother for five taels silver. Of course I had to lie to the old lady. Otherwise she would not have understood. I told her I wanted to buy the little girl so as to bring her up—well you can imagine the rest. By the way—I am quite fond of the little kiddie. So I rechristened her Ethel. . .

Month after month he wrote, and steadily his letters became less humorous, more matter-of-fact. There was never the faintest shadow of despair, not even of unrest. They were simply a drab résumé of what was happening.

AND then, abruptly, the letters stopped. A month passed, two, three; and—by this time Ethel and her aunt had returned to America—no sign nor word from George W. Hicks. It was as if the

Beyond, on the other side of the Pacific, had swallowed him.

Ethel had heard and read about China. Formerly it had been to her a mere geographical term. Then, with George's going there and writing those long letters about his work, it had become a personal idea, in the nature of a very splendid and sacred Grail both to the strength of the man's love for her and the latent strength of his decent, vital unselfishness. But now, through the trooping shadows of silence, the Yellow Continent emerged as something dread, something monstrous and fabulous that hated her, tried to do her harm.

She did not speak of her fear to anybody. She simply brooded.

But she clung to her one idea:

"He is not dead!"

When her aunt mentioned George, asked if she had heard from him and, on receiving a negative reply, began to worry and speculate, Ethel said again, challengingly, defiantly:

"He is not dead!"

She repeated the words to herself as she sat in the small upstairs library of their house in Seattle and looked out over the feathery trees of Queen Anne's Addition; as, month after month, she watched spring burst into summer and summer swoon into scarlet autumn, and never a word from China.

"He is not dead! Dear God—he is not dead!"

She may have had some subconscious notion of mesmerizing Fate itself with the obsession that he was alive.

THEN one day a letter came from Ban-sop-Huan signed "George." She rushed into her aunt's presence with the hysterical cry:

"Auntie—auntie—he's alive!"

"Oh—I am so glad dear. . ."

"And he's in good health!"

Mrs. McIntyre took the letter and read it. She re-read it. Then she looked up. "What's the matter with his writing?" she asked.

"Nothing. What should be the matter?"

"Well—it seems. . . Now don't lose your head, child. But—get me one of George's old letters."

"Why. . ."

"Please—I want to see something."

Ethel left the room and returned with a batch of George's correspondence. Mrs. McIntyre drew out a letter, laid it side by side with one which had just arrived, and examined them both.

"Ethel," she said finally, "compare the two writings. It seems. . . Goodness, child, I have it! He wrote this last letter with his left hand!"

"With his—left—?"

Ethel picked up the closely written pages and looked at them. The writing was stilted, wooden, now that she came

to consider it. She had not noticed it in her first great joy and relief.

"Why—why did he—?" her voice died out in a tremolo.

"Exactly. Why did he?" echoed Mrs. McIntyre. "If he had injured his right hand, there's no reason why he shouldn't have told you. And—" suddenly—"here—look at the postscript! See what he writes—and like a foolish, incompetent, clumsy dear gentleman, he underlines it: '*I am in perfect health and feeling bully. All my limbs and every one of my brain cells are in A Number One working order.*'" She looked up. "Ethel! A man whose limbs are in A Number One working order doesn't write with his left hand, does he?"

"No," came the dull reply.

Silence fell over the room. The girl rose.

"Auntie," she said in a low, calm voice, "I am going—to China—to Ban-sop-Huan—to find out. . ."

And Mrs. McIntyre replied sharply: "Of course you are!"

ETHEL BAXTER never made to herself a picture, completely dovetailing, of the weeks that followed. There was the journey across the Pacific. She remembered vaguely having talked to people, having asked and answered the customary bored, patronizing questions. Hawaii was an exuberant mass of vegetation, rank, sweating; Manila a rush of splendor, flaming-red, gold-tipped, shot through with purple and emerald-green; Canton a brocaded mantle of blue and silver, hardly cloaking the thick, stinking layer of cruelty and superstition and ignorance that stewed and oozed beneath the colorful surface.

She had letters of introduction to some people there and, knowing an inkling of the truth, since gossip travels fast where whites are few, they talked to her, warning her.

"Don't go," said Ovington, the American consul, in his precise, purse-mouthed Mid-Western voice. "The country down near the border isn't safe. . ."

"Terribly sportin' and no end plucky," drawled "Tubby" Townshend of the British consulate, "but—pardon me—it's hare brained. A white woman—alone? No, no!"

And many more like it, all winding up with:

"You can't do it. Don't go."

But she went. With "Tubby's" help she completed the preparations for her journey—it cost her over a third of her small fortune—hiring camels, servants, interpreter, guide. Came days of traveling through Kwang-tung and, savage Kwang-si, with a jaundiced heat veiling the levels, her body stiff and sore, unused to roughing, and at night restless hours in dirty, squalid, fetid inns where the people stared at her—because she was white; jeered at her—because she

was white; cursed her and pelted her with mud—because she was white. But she did not care. She hardly noticed. Her thoughts were all of George Hicks. She did not consider the months that had passed, the change they must have made in his mind, his soul, his outward appearance even. To her he was still the smiling, clear-eyed, slightly foppish boy who had told her his love on the bench in the Luxembourg Gardens. The Luxembourg Gardens! Paris! Its gaiety and sane, sweet charm! He had loved it so, had been so happy there, and she had sent him away from it, out here. Yes, yes. There was no doubt. The priest was not to blame—she herself had sent him here, was responsible for whatever might have happened to him—and so she traveled on, with scarcely a word to her servants except for food and drink, hurrying, ever hurrying, grudging the hours of rest spent in camp and wayside towns.

They turned south and neared the border. It curved in a sweep of ragged hills that looped to the east in sinister, carved immensity. Again they struck level land with here and there a miserable village of Lolo aborigines; through the glaring sun of day, through the velvety gloom of night, through the gaunt shadows of the low, volcanic ridges that trooped back to the north and danced like hobgoblins among the dwarf aloes, through the *pad-pad* of her camel's soft feet, through it all there came to her, unceasingly, the tale and agony of her love, her fear—like a tragic message to hurry, hurry.

THEN late one rainy, dreary afternoon, the guide stopped and pointed. "Ban-sop-Huan!" he said. She looked.

There was not much to see: just a splotch of cloudy, dirty grey, veiled in the rain's silvery shimmer, brushed over with sooty black as night began to drop her trailing cloak; and, limning ghastly out of the drab welter, a brown wall, bastioned and grim, stretching as it seemed for miles, broken here and there by tumbling gate or watch tower, and across it all an acrid, lascivious odor.

"Opium!" the interpreter explained laconically.

Ethel drew back her camel's head-ropes. The animal grunted protestingly, then folded up like a jack-knife and squatted on its gawky haunches. She slid to the ground, ran toward the gates.

"George! George!"

She hurled the cry at the frowning walls, and, as if in answer, one of the dilapidated gates opened, and, surrounded by a dozen children of all ages, a strange figure stepped out. He was dressed like a native in clumsy, short-toed felt boots, loose cotton trousers, a wide-brimmed, rush-woven hat, and a straw coat against the rain. His face was tanned coppery, with sunken cheeks, covered by a scrag-

gly beard. His right arm was buried in his waist shawl, while his left held a tiny girl child pressed close to his heart. The eyes burned deep in their sockets, with pain and hope and a certain stony resolution; and seeing him thus, the thought returned to her how she had not considered the months that had passed, how always she had made to herself a picture of him as he used to be, smiling, clear-eyed, boyish, a little foppish. But this man—it all flashed through her in the fraction of a second, hardly the time it took her to rush up to him—this man seemed . . . yes . . . impersonal, that was it!—detached from the shames and prides and schemes of life. He seemed an embodied idea, and not a human being.

He looked up. He saw her. "Ethel!" he said.

JUST the one word. Futile it sounded, thin, ineffectual. He clasped the child closer against his heart. The other children clustered about him, rather frightened and awed, perhaps subconsciously sensing the tense drama of it.

"Why, George, you don't seem a bit glad to see me?" She spoke with forced lightness, to hide the storm of emotions in her soul.

"Of course I am glad to see you, dear."

The syllables dropped slowly, one by one. "Hush, hush!" he turned to the small tot cuddled against his breast who was laughing and gurgling as if the scene was being enacted for her benefit. "Of course I am glad to see you, dear," he repeated.

The words seemed absurd, appalling; and Ethel gave a wild little laugh.

"Oh—the way you say it!" she cried. "No—you aren't glad—not in the least! Oh—I came such a long, long way—and I'm sorry I came . . ."

"Ethel!" his voice trembled. "If you could read my heart!"

"Then why don't you . . . ?"

"What, dear?"

"Why don't you kiss me?" Her accents were low, wiped-over. She cast down her eyes in intolerable humiliation as though trying to veil her thoughts. "Why don't you take me into your arms?"

"How can I?" A queer smile curled his lips. "You see—" with some of his old humor—"this young lemon-colored Mongol half-portion in my left arm has been sick. Touch of fever—not yet strong enough to walk—isn't that so, you small, little nuisance?" He laughed at the child who laughed back. "And my other arm—my right arm . . ."

All at once he was silent.

"Oh!" With sudden, sickening sureness knowledge came to her. His right arm was buried deep in his waist shawl. It did not move. He had written his last letter with his left hand . . .

"Yes!" He read the dumb, horror-



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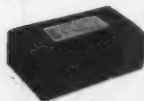
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stricken question in her eyes. He smiled. "Good thing I'm no longer living in Paris. Remember the gorgeous French cravats I used to sport? Couldn't tie them and do them justice with my left hand, could I?"

"Please—" her voice choked—"don't joke!"

"Want me to cry, dear heart? Why—" he went on while the children grouped about him, listening wide-eyed to the strange language—"this is now my life. And it means—well—patience, I guess—and a little suffering—and . . ."

"George!" Deep sobs racked her frame. "Tell me—how did it happen?"

"THE people here—they know not what they do," he quoted unconsciously, "at least when the opium blinds them. They hate me because I am white and a foreigner and a Christian—because I try to take their opium away from them. And so, at times, when they are crazed with the drug, they attack me. They did that day. I didn't have time to shoot. They slashed at me with their daggers, wounded my arm. Perhaps the wound wasn't so bad. But—" he shrugged his shoulders—"the climate here is so rotten, and I guess my health wasn't very good, and there isn't a doctor within a week's trek—and so—well—there you are . . ."

"And—" her voice was hushed, awed—"you remained—here—?"

"Of course!" He seemed astonished. "Don't you see, dear? There are the little babies—all these small molecules of infant humanity. Slant-eyed and decidedly lemon-meringue in complexion, I grant you—wouldn't draw a blue ribbon at a Nordic beauty show. But—I love them, and I guess they love me. I cannot leave them. What would happen to them if I did?" And when she was silent, he continued in an even, passionless voice: "My life is here—in Ban-sop-Huan. The woman I love must live my life with me. She must share in—yes—" just a little self-consciously—"my mission. She must help where I help—even in the dirt and misery and humiliation of Ban-sop-Huan."

She lifted her lips to his.

"Yes, dear," she said. "I shall follow and help—year after year—even in the dirt and misery and humiliation of Ban-sop-Huan. For I love you—I love you so . . ."

So, the children following, they stepped through the crumbling gate of Ban-sop-Huan, passed through the narrow, fetid streets. There were men and women sitting here and there on the thresholds of their rickety hovels. They were talking in a high-pitched, guttural sing-song. The girl felt their hate surging about her like a crimson flame; felt, by her side, the man's love, like a white flame, strong, cleansing, immense . . .



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